

THE

LIGUORIAN

A MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING

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Amongst Ourselves

The editors of The Liguorian plan, in August or September of this year, to enlarge its size (i.e., its number of pages), to bring out their annual change of cover, and to make more legible many of the features that at present are printed in such small type that they offer difficulty to those not endowed with the best of eyesight. The small type used in much of The Liguorian was, as old readers will remember, a necessary war time measure. Like all other publications, The Liguorian was severely limited as to the amount of paper that might be used during the war. In order to cut down as little as possible on the amount of reading matter offered, recourse was had to smaller margins, smaller type, and crowded pages. We feel that the time has come to discard the war time methods, even though it will be very costly to do so. While paper shortages have eased somewhat, prices of paper have, in line with everything else during a period of inflation, continued to rise. Printing costs have also been hiked again and again since the war. However, we refuse to be ruled by timidity or lack of confidence, and shall make the plunge into expansion with boldness. This is in accord with our dedication to "lovers of good reading."

A new column will be added to the several standard features of The Liguorian (such as, Thought for the Shut-in, Test of Character, Three Minute Instruction, For Wives and Husbands Only, Biblical Problem) with its enlargement. It will be directed to young people and will be concerned with their problems of courtship and marriage, under the

general heading "Pre-Marriage Problems". We already have on hand a couple of hundred questions, gathered from discussions with young people all over the country, presenting their individual questions and worries concerning courtship, company-keeping, preparation for marriage. This column will dodge no issues, and will fear to tackle no problem that anyone thinking of marriage will care to present to us.

Increased circulation will, of course, be needed to absorb the greatly increased overhead that an enlarged Liguorian will involve. It is also needed to offset cancellations of subscriptions that come to us each time we touch on one of two topics: 1) the rights of labor, and 2) the natural law concerning birth-control. Our bitterest accusers are those who feel that, instead of coming out clearly and courageously for truth and justice and morality, we should straddle the fence on these two issues, or be silent entirely. We cannot. We do beg those who have not closed their minds to discussion and argument on any point involving their own happiness and the peace of society, to renew their subscriptions promptly, and to help us make The Liguorian known among those who have never heard of it. In due time we shall offer inducements to stimulate this kind of zeal.

WRITE FOR THE NEW LIST OF
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The Liguorian

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Editor: D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

Associate Editors:

E. Miller, C.Ss.R.

L. Miller, C.Ss.R.

T. E. Tobin, C.Ss.R.

R. Miller, C.Ss.R.

J. Schaefer, C.Ss.R.

D. Corrigan, C.Ss.R.

Business Manager: F. Bockwinkel, C.Ss.R.

Circulation Manager: R. A. Gaydos, C.Ss.R.

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THE *Liguorian*

JUNE, 1948

a magazine for the lovers of good reading



Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion, and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings

The Scoffer and the Lady

On April 12, 1947, the Blessed Virgin Mary allegedly appeared to an apostate Roman street-car conductor near the City of Rome. The interesting story of the apparition is here told by one who was living in the City of Rome at the time.

C. D. McEnniry

"I AM she who is in the Blessed Trinity the Virgin of the Revelation. You are persecuting me: you have now gone far enough; stop! Enter the holy fold, the court of heaven on earth. What a God has sworn, is now, and always will be, unchangeable. The nine Fridays you made in honor of the Sacred Heart have saved you."

Words allegedly addressed by the Mother of God to Bruno Cornacchiola, the apostate Roman street-car conductor, in the grotto of the Three Fountains April twelfth of last year.

The Catholic Church is slow, passing slow, in declaring, even after receiving convincing proofs, that such supernatural manifestations are genuine, but lightning quick, the moment the evidence warrants it, in branding them false. With regard to the present case the Church has done neither. Here is the story: we are free to accept or reject it accordingly as our own common sense dictates.

Bruno Cornacchiola grew up a half-abandoned waif in the Roman slums. His knowledge of the faith was very imperfect, and his practice of the faith still more so. As a young married man, he fell into the hands of a Protestant

proselytizer, renounced the Catholic religion, and became, first a Baptist, then a Seventh-Day Adventist.

Like his new found friends, he professed to reject the teachings of the Church and to accept only the teachings of Revelation as he found them in the Bible. With zeal bordering on fanaticism, he attacked the beliefs of Catholics, especially veneration of the Blessed Virgin Mary. He gave lectures and wrote articles attempting to prove that this veneration was contrary to Revelation. In fact, he carried in his pocket, on this fateful April 12th, the rough sketch of a lecture against devotion to Our Lady which he intended to deliver the following evening.

It was a charming Italian spring day, and Bruno, having a half holiday, decided to give his three children an outing at Ostia, the Coney Island of Rome. He, together with Isola, ten years old, Carlo, six, and Gianfranco, four, bubbling over with glad anticipation of their visit to the sea, arrived at the suburban station of San Paolo just in time to miss the train. With a few ejaculations, more emphatic than edifying, (unless, indeed, his Adventist schooling had transformed his Roman nature), he

turned away in disgust and gave up the proposed journey. But sensing the sadness of the children, as only an Italian father can, he proposed instead a trip to *Tre Fontane* (The Three Fountains), where they sold wonderful chocolate bars. The mention of chocolate bars made the children all but forget the glories of the sea, and they set out with their father along the Ostian Way, once traversed by St. Paul going to his death. They passed the magnificent basilica where his body now rests, and came to the Three Fountains where he suffered martyrdom for the Christ he so intensely loved.

Quickly disposing of the chocolate bars, except for a generous square wrapped in tinfoil to be brought home to "mama," they climbed the hill. Father and children took off their shoes to enjoy the feel of the fresh green grass on their bare feet. Bruno took out his papers and continued marshalling his citations from Revelation to prove the evil of devotion to Our Lady. The children played with their ball, until they lost it and commandeered their father to aid in the search.

He went with Carlo to look for the lost ball, leaving Isola to stand guard over the coat and shoes. This job she was not slow in turning over to her four-year-old brother, Gianfranco, while she went gathering wild flowers to bring home to "mama," who had been left alone at home while they were enjoying the spring sunshine.

Glancing back, after some time, the father was surprised to see the restless, impetuous Gianfranco silent and stiff as a statue at the mouth of a cave. There are many such caves or grottoes in the porous rock of the hills along the Ostian Way, and none of them is clean enough to invite one to enter. In his wonderment he approached the spot

and found Gianfranco, not only quiet, but on his knees, with folded hands, gazing intently at something inside the grotto and, with a happy smile, repeating over and over: "Lovely Lady," "Lovely Lady."

"Hey, Gianfranco," he cried out, "what's that you're saying? What's wrong with you? What do you see?"

Paying no heed to his father's questions, the child went on repeating "Lovely Lady," "Lovely Lady."

"Is the place bewitched? Isola, come here, quick."

"What do you want, Papa?"

Just listen to Gianfranco. What is he looking at? Can you see anything—in there?"

"No, Papa." But hardly had she finished the words when she too fell on her knees, clasped the hands full of wild flowers, and gazing fixedly at something within the grotto, echoed her little brother's "Lovely Lady," "Lovely Lady."

"Carlo, come here. What is this—a put-up job? Why don't you too begin 'Lovely Lady'? Do you see anything—in there?"

"Huh! In there? What could there be to be seen?" And he emphasized his disbelief with the inimitable Roman shrug. But the next moment he was kneeling with clasped hands, gazing fixedly into the grotto with the other children.

And then the street-car conductor felt as though somebody standing behind him had passed two hands roughly over his eyes and torn away a veil. In the midst of dazzling splendor he saw a woman standing on a boulder of tufa rock within the cave.

She was young, beautiful, resplendent. About medium height, she was clothed in a long white tunic, encircled at the waist by a rose-colored sash with the

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ends reaching to her knees, while a cloak or veil of emerald green was bound about her head and descended to the tufa boulder on which her bare feet lightly rested. Her skin had the dark olive tint of the Orient. In one hand she held a grey-colored book, with the other she pointed to the ground, where Bruno saw a cassock and a broken cross looking as though they had been torn by violence from the body of a priest and thrown there in derision.

She smiled. A smile of loving reproof. The eloquent smile of a mother pleading with her wayward son to come home.

She spoke: "I am she who is in the Blessed Trinity the Virgin of the Revelation. You are persecuting me: you have gone far enough; stop! Enter the holy fold, the court of heaven on earth. What a God has sworn is now, and always will be, unchangeable. The nine Fridays you made in honor of the Sacred Heart have saved you."

What is the meaning of these mysterious words? We can but surmise. To this apostate, who had distorted the Bible or Revelation to belittle her, she declared that she was the woman spoken of in Revelation who would be raised to the highest heights to which a mere creature could be raised, becoming Mother of God the Son, Daughter of God the Father, Spouse of God the Holy Ghost, thus entering upon the most intimate union with the Blessed Trinity. Like Saul of Tarsus, who was persecuting Christ, this renegade, who was persecuting the Mother of Christ, was suddenly converted by a blinding light. Why was he given this extraordinary grace? Because, in his younger days, he had once made a worthy Communion on the first Friday of nine consecutive months. God had promised that whoever does that will not be allowed to die unrepentant. And what a God has

promised is now, and always will be, unchangeable.

Long and lovingly she spoke to him, the merciful Mother to the prodigal son. She showed him all that God, in His Revelation, had taught us of her graces and her privileges from the beginning of her existence until "my Son and the angels came to take me at the moment of my passing." She spoke eloquently of prayer "a golden arrow going out from the mouth of the Christian and piercing the Heart of God." She urged him to avoid the sins of the flesh which so greatly disgust and offend God, infinite purity, and her, Virgin without stain. She assured him that by means of the dust, the earth, of this cave, where so many sins had been committed ("sinful soil" she called it) she would obtain marvels of conversion and of healing. She urged him to pray much and to obtain prayers, especially for three ends: the conversion of sinners, the enlightenment of unbelievers, the return of all Christians to the unity of the faith. And the prayer she urged him to say is the prayer she had so earnestly recommended at Lourdes, at Fatima, and on so many other occasions: the rosary.

After receding two steps on the tufa boulder, the figure turned completely so that they had a full view of the long green mantle, then walked toward the center of the grotto and disappeared.

Isola wrote in her copybook: "Poor Papa! After the Madonna was gone he was so pale. And all of us around him asking: 'Who was it? Who was that lovely lady?' And he said: 'The Madonna. Later I will tell you all about it.'"

He led them down the hill, through the grove of eucalyptus, into the venerable Trappist monastery church, made them kneel down before the altar of

the Blessed Sacrament, and, pointing to the tabernacle, he said with a quivering voice: "My darlings, I have always told you Jesus is not there. But He is. He is there—inside that little house. Pray to Him."

And for the first time in their lives a prayer to Jesus in the Most Blessed Sacrament, whatever prayer they in their innocence were able to say, "a golden arrow, went out from the lips of these innocent children and pierced the Heart of God."

Bruno Cornacchiola then brought the children home to their mother, Jolanda, the patient wife to whom he had for years forbidden all observance of the Catholic religion. Little Isola wrote in her copybook: "As soon as we reached home Mama came to meet us, and seeing Papa, so pale and excited, she cried: 'Bruno, what have you done? What has happened?' Papa said to us—and he was almost crying—'You children go to bed and get some sleep.' So Mama put us to bed. But I only pretended to be asleep. I saw Papa go up to Mama and say: 'We have seen the Madonna. I ask your pardon for all I have made you suffer, Jolanda. Do you know how to say the rosary?' And Mama replied: 'I don't remember it very well.' And they got down on their knees and began to pray."

A couple of days later, while he was assigned as conductor on bus Number 223, which passes near the grotto, the engine broke down. Gladly would he have gone to visit the sacred spot, but he dared not leave his post. Accordingly he called to a group of little girls: "Children, do you see that grotto up there? The Madonna appeared in that grotto. Pick some flowers and put them on the boulder inside where she stood. Go on; hurry."

They started to obey, but before they

reached the spot they were seen by Natalina Di Curzio, the president of the Children of Mary. Descrying two of her own little nieces in the group, she called to them: "For heaven's sake, what are you doing! Going into those woods!"

The grove of eucalyptus surrounding the grotto, called "The Woods," had a bad name because (it must be written with shame) the American soldiers had been accustomed to lead thither Italian girls, many of whom sold their virtue for American money because they were hungry themselves and had starving parents and brothers and sisters in their ruined homes. This is why Mary called it "sinful soil."

All this time the street-car conductor was looking for the "sign." The Madonna had said to him that day in the grotto: "The priest who greets you with the words 'Ave Maria, my son,'—he will conduct you to another priest who will reconcile you with God."

In his overwhelming desire to be readmitted into the fold of the one true Church, poor Bruno accosted almost every priest he met, even while collecting fares on the street-car. "Father," he would say, "may I have a word with you?" "Certainly," they would answer, or "Gladly." But never the words indicated by the Madonna.

One day he stood near the sacristy door in the church of Ognisanti, in charge of the Congregation of Don Orione. A young priest was hurrying by.

"Father, may I speak to you?"

"Ave Maria, my son. But try to make it short. I am in a hurry. I must administer Holy Communion to the people here and then to an invalid down the street."

"Listen: I am a Protestant, and I want to become a Catholic." In his

excitement at hearing the promised greeting, this was all poor Bruno could say.

"Ah, is that so? Very well, come and I will present you to the one who will take care of you."

This was clearly "the sign" promised by the Madonna. She had said: "The priest who greets you with the words 'Ave Maria, my son,' he will take you to another priest who will reconcile you with God."

Gladly Bruno Cornacchiola put himself under the direction of Father Gilberto Carniel, a spiritual guide experienced in smoothing the way for apostates to return to the fold. After Bruno and Jolanda had been thoroughly instructed in the forgotten doctrines of the faith, and faculties had been obtained from the Pope to absolve them from their apostasy, May 7th was fixed as the day for their official return to the faith.

On the eve of the ceremony the street-car conductor found time to visit the grotto and implore the Mother of God to obtain for him strength to live worthily the new life he was beginning on the morrow. Alone in the silent cave he began to pray, when suddenly the apparition was repeated. In the midst of dazzling light the sweet figure of God's mother stood before him. She said nothing, only smiled, this time the happy smile of a mother approving the manly resolution of her son.

The priests to whom Bruno confided his secret prudently kept silence and counselled him to do the same. Why arouse the curiosity of the people in an occurrence which, after all, might be only an hallucination! But one of these very priests (God permitted it so) was the inadvertent cause of giving it publicity.

He was Father Mario Svoggia, who,

on the 23rd of May, accompanied Bruno on a secret visit to the grotto. Kneeling there by the boulder upon which the Madonna had appeared, they began reciting the rosary. At the second joyful mystery, the visitation, this good Mother deigned to make a third visitation to her son.

The priest saw nothing—only a sort of electric force passed through his body and held him immovable. The man beside him turned pale, gazed at something above the boulder with joy and wonder, and repeated again and again: "How lovely she is! How lovely she is!" And grasping the priest he cried: "Father Mario, she has come again!" And that sordid hole in the rock was filled once more, as on the other two occasions, with a perfume of paradise. This mysterious perfume has since been perceived by thousands, emanating at times even from the pinches of dust carried away from the grotto.

The first man they met on their way back was Luciano Gatti, a member of the parish Catholic Action club. In his excitement, without realizing the effect of his words, the priest cried out: "Luciano, Luciano! The Madonna! She appeared in the grotto!"

The young man did not feel that he had any obligation to withhold the news. It had not been given to him under secrecy. He told his friends. They told theirs. *Il Messaggero*, the principal newspaper of Rome, printed a documented story of the event. Crowds began to flock to the grotto, thousands, hundreds of thousands, though it is little over a year since the news was published, several million have already made the rather difficult journey out the Ostian Way to pray at the spot where the Madonna appeared.

Among the visitors are people of every nation, the rich and the poor,

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workmen and professional men, laity and clergy, even Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church. But the ecclesiastical authorities, with their usual prudence, have stationed clerics at the entrance of the grotto to warn all priests that they are forbidden to conduct any kind of public service or make any kind of exhortation to the faithful there until the Church has severely scrutinized and given a decision regarding the alleged facts.

In the meantime there are related in ever increasing numbers stories of extraordinary answers to prayer: stubborn sinners suddenly repentant, unbelievers receiving the faith, dissidents entering the true fold, material favors of an astounding nature.

Carlo Mancuso, who had broken his legs in a fall from an elevator, got up and walked the moment he was sprinkled with dust from the grotto. Georgio Luzi, a bitter anti-clerical, suddenly cured of varicose ulcers, and at the

same time cured of his irreligion. Sister Maria Livia, cured of the dreadful Pott's disease which had kept her in bed for years. Little Antonio Lazzeri, healed in body, while his unbelieving father was healed in soul. Giovanni Amadio, at death's door from tuberculosis, suddenly transformed into a gay and healthy child. . . . So numerous are the reported cures that a committee of physicians has been formed to examine them and give a scientific judgment.

Another committee, consisting of Catholic laymen (no priests may join it until the case has been examined by the authorities) has been formed to keep order and decorum at the grotto, to gather information about alleged cures, to send information and envelopes of dust from the grotto to the thousands who mail their requests from all parts of the world. The address is "The Committee, Pro Grotta delle Tre Fontane, Via Crispi, 99, Rome, Italy."

200-Year-Old Recipe

Hypocrisy and self-seeking ambition in religious matters are among the most unlovely of human traits, and an ancient recipe, appearing in the *General Magazine* during the year 1741 sets them forth in all their ugliness:

"Take of the green Leaves of Pretension, Hypocrisy and Ambition of each 3 handfuls, of the Spirit of Pride, 3 drams, of the Seeds of Discord and Dissension, one ounce, of the Flowers of Formality, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound, of the Roots of Obstinacy, Ignorance and Contumacy, 5 pounds; chop the Leaves, pound the Seeds, slice the Roots, and then beat them all in the Mortar of Vainglory with the Pestle of Contradiction; add a few drops of Crocodile Tears mixt with the water of Strife, infus'd over the fire of a Blind Zeal; add to the Composition 4 ounces of the Spirit of Self-Conceit more than luke-warm; and let the presuming Brother take a spoonful of it morning and evening before his Devotions, and when his Mouth is full of the Decoction, let him wink hard, snivel through his Nose, make a long Face, cry in a loud Voice at his private Devotions; let him quake and tremble and roar out in Public, grunting and venting awful Groans as if he were choking; after he gets the use of his Tongue, let him censure and damn all his Neighbors, squinting out the Tears of Dissimulation, speaking as the Spirit of Giddiness gives him utterance. Then shall he be qualified to delude the People, wound the Church, justify Delusion, foment Rebellion against Authority, and extol Wrangling and Usurpation under the fair Name of the Word of God and Liberty of Conscience."

How to Sell Pamphlets

It is agreed on all sides that pamphlets are one of the great modern means of spreading the truth and combatting error. The author of this article offers the benefit of his experience to all Catholic Actionists who are interested in this work of zeal.

J. J. Higgins

EVER SINCE I took over the task of displaying and selling pamphlets in a large city parish, I cannot enter a church without taking a professional glance at the pamphlet rack, if there is one. Despite my innate modesty, it is usually a slightly superior glance. My pamphlet racks were so much better. And since I made all the usual mistakes and some unusual ones in merchandising pamphlets, perhaps my reminiscences will be of some profit to others.

The first lesson is one that I had to learn the hard way, because of my enthusiasm for the work. It is this: In the beginning, always buy pamphlets in small quantities. It takes a little time and study to learn the tastes and preferences of the crowds who pass your pamphlet racks. Modern selling organizations make expensive surveys of the potential market for a product. Without taking ourselves too seriously, we need to do something of the same.

For instance, in the beginning I bought heavily of a line of Catholic social action pamphlets. I liked them. I thought the people needed them. But I reordered the Mass Book and the Rosary Novena several times before I sighed and retired my social action pamphlets to the stock pile, to await the dawn of a more enlightened era. Perhaps in other places these social action pamphlets would (as we say in the trade) move quickly. My people, however, were not panting after the clear waters of Catholic social teaching.

After you have discovered the likes

and dislikes of the people who pass your racks, how do you get them to stop and look and buy? I offer this as the first principle. No matter what the neighborhood or clientele, let there be variety. And of pamphlets, as of priests, we can offer a charming variety. There are the apologetic pamphlets (explanations of "why I am a Catholic," the Church and the Bible, the Divinity of Christ, etc.); the devotional items (on the Mass, Confession, the Rosary, Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, lives of the Blessed Mother and Saints, Novenas, Examinations of Conscience, etc.); moral guidance brochures (on swearing, drinking, purity, courtship, marriage, vocations, etc.); and children's booklets, including paint books, lives of the saints and explanations of doctrine for children. Under social action pamphlets, of which there should be some even though the demand is small, I classify almost everything that cannot be decently bracketed with the above, everything from warnings against Communism to the ethics of commercial farming. No pamphlet rack can expect my recommendation for the Good Housekeeping Award unless it displays representative offerings from each of the five classes listed above.

Another point of great importance for the successful pamphlet rack-tender is this: let the people see the whole pamphlet at one glance. Some old fashioned racks, which show only the top tenth of a pamphlet, were so constructed as to bait curiosity, but it is

questionable whether they produced sales. By placing three different pamphlets side by side in one of the old style peek-a-boo racks I unintentionally mystified the faithful with this sequence: "I Accuse—" "The Little Flower of" (Jesus—hidden), "Frequent Communion." The more modern racks sell more pamphlets by an honest display of the whole title of each piece of literature.

Not only must there be variety, but the variety must be varied. Let us say you have a rack full of apologetic pamphlets, placed hopefully near the south entrance of your church. After a week or two you can switch this rack to the north entrance and bring a stand full of marriage material to the south entrance. Such fertility in the low arts of deception does this pamphlet tending breed! These dubious shifts (pun) however, must, about every two weeks give way to the honest labor of cleaning the racks. Not only should you retire the pamphlets that have been unable to catch a buyer or taker, replacing them with material either new or unseen for some time, but you must dust the racks off, and wash the glass panels some racks have. This gives the project much face with young and old alike, with the fair sex as well as with the unfair.

If you are making or buying new racks, the professor advises glass fronts. And be sure to have the glass fairly high. Otherwise, if the glass front is only half as high as the pamphlet, the pamphlet will, as it grows older and more forgetful of its sacred surroundings, take to leaning over, with elbows on the top of the glass. This is considered by one and all very poor form. Besides, such a lackadaisical attitude betrays a certain discouragement with the task of spreading Catholic truth.

One final word on the racks them-

selves. Unless you operate in a very, very nice neighborhood, do not use those small racks one sets on tables or hangs on the wall. It is too easy for those who cannot resist a dishonest penny to pick up the whole rack and take it home to make it disgorge its forty or fifty cents. On both occasions when this happened to me, however, fairness compels me to state that the pamphlets were removed from the racks and placed neatly on the table.

On the matter of posters or placards as means of calling attention to your pamphlets, there are, according to the latest census, three schools of thought: the first school, the second school, and the third school. I myself favor (without committing myself to) the third school, which contends that home-made posters executed by the children in the grade school, will certainly stop some people, perhaps make them too weak to go any farther. Such sensationalism should always, or at least intermittently, be reined in by good taste, which favors the use of printed cards such as are put out by the *Queen's Work*.

One day a lady selected for herself a stack of pamphlets from the six or seven racks in the vestibule of the church. She then started to walk off without dropping the usual button or car tokens in the coin box. This was observed and viewed with some disfavor by several loyal parishioners standing by, who challenged the propriety of such behavior.

"Well," the lady answered, "I am just borrowing them."

This, of course, plunges us into the delicate question of who is to finance the pamphlet rack. The large-minded, sometimes called the irresponsible, favor the attitude of not worrying about the finances; if the rack runs a deficit, due to a high percentage of "borrowers",

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they believe that parish funds, or donations, or card parties should make up the losses and keep the rack going. There are others who take a dim view of such sloppy business methods and who are inclined to expect people to pay for all the pamphlets they take. Because there can be no doubt about the good accomplished by pamphlet racks, I suggest that some sodality or Catholic Action group in a parish be given both the privilege and responsibility of tending them. Let them buy the pamphlets, display them, change them, procure the posters, tidy and clean the racks, and pay the bills. If there be any profit, as there will be eventually from a *well-tended* rack, let them buy more pam-

phlets. Zeal could find few better outlets.

However, it is the priest's interest that will be the deciding factor in the success of any pamphlet rack. If he will take it upon himself to give a favorable and enthusiastic notice ("plug" is the technical term) concerning various pamphlets from time to time in the pulpit, the success of the venture is assured.

Can it be proved that the good done by pamphlets is worth the trouble of organizing a rack, worth the interest of both priest and zealous people, worth an announcement, long or short, from the pulpit each Sunday? Plan to be with us again next month, same time, same station, for our revealing answer to these thrilling questions.

Invented for Peace

It is interesting to speculate on the extent to which radio has measured up to the beautiful motives of its inventor. Marconi himself admitted that he received the inspiration for his discovery while at prayer in Our Lady's Chapel of Paradise at Oropo Shrine, north Italy. Coming down from the mountain on which the chapel stands, he remarked to a friend of his:

"Joseph, in the chapel a little while ago a beautiful idea struck me. You will see later what it is."

A plaque may be seen on the site which reads:

"From the cloisters of the mountains of Oropo, Guglielmo Marconi drew inspiration for his great discovery. May wireless telegraphy, under the auspices of Mary, bring the peace of Christ to mankind."

Child's Picture of a Home

From a parish-priest friend of ours comes this account of a little girl in the second grade of his school who along with her classmates was assigned the task of drawing a picture of the Nativity of Christ. When the Sister examined her production, and had sorted out the figures from a somewhat garish background of colored chalk, she noted with some curiosity that besides the Infant in the crib, there was only one other figure in the drawing, and wearing a short dress in a manner quite unlike the traditional representations of the Blessed Virgin.

Summoning the artist to her desk, the Sister asked: "Where are St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin in your picture?"

"Oh," was the quick reply, "They've gone out for the evening."

"And who is this?" said Sister, pointing to the girl in the short dress.

"That's the baby-sitter."

Out of the mouth of a child a sad commentary on the American home.



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

Problem: (The following problem has been posed to us in an anonymous letter, and we are breaking our rule against anonymous letters by presenting it anyway, hoping that the unsigned author will read the answer.) I have read and believed all your writings and teachings to the effect that the blessings of marriage are children and that a home isn't a home without children. I left the business world and applied myself to the job of being housewife and potential mother. Five years have passed, and though doctors say there is nothing wrong, I still have no children. . . . Sometimes I pace the floor with longing and frustration. I know that I am in a minority group, but where is God in a childless marriage? If I can't have children, when I want them so badly, must it not be that there just isn't any God for me?

Solution: It is a sad fact, experience of which can be attested by every priest, that there is no pain, and often no bitterness, like to that of the married person who wants children and for some inexplicable reason is not permitted by God to realize that desire. The pain is naturally increased when such persons read the vivid accounts of the blessings of children that are directed to those who can have them and who are in the habit of sinning to prevent their coming. Because so many look on children, not as a blessing but as a burden, and are willing to forfeit their souls to escape the burden, there is need for constant reiteration of God's law, and of the rewards God may send even in this life for the keeping of His law.

But no one should ever say the keeping of God's laws gives one a right to specific rewards in this world. Nor that, if God denies children to a married couple, He thereby signifies their unworthiness in His eyes. Childlessness is only one form of suffering that has come into the world as a result of original sin, and it certainly comes under Our Lord's challenge to His followers: "If anyone would come after Me, let him take up his cross daily and follow Me." The greater the pain over childlessness, the greater the cross and the more perfect the opportunity to walk in holiness with Christ. When we say that God is the Author of life and death, we mean that God may give life and He may withhold it, according to His wisdom; it is as necessary for the childless person to bow to that authority and wisdom as it is for others to accept a large family when God so wills.

Practical considerations may also be given to our anonymous correspondent. Five years are not a very long test, if doctors can find no cause of sterility; couples have waited and prayed for ten and fifteen years before having their first baby. Moreover the very intensity and incipient despair of our correspondent may have a physical effect that is an obstacle to conception. We suggest 1) a continuous act of personal submission to God's will; 2) daily prayer, especially to St. Gerard, the patron of mothers, very especially of those who want to be mothers; 3) rejection of all immoral suggestions of artificial and alien conception, but periodical consultation with a reputable physician; 4) some thought of adopting one or more children as time goes on. The most important of these is relaxing and confident submission to God's will.

Better Off Dead

Of life and death and love, this short story probes the mysterious richness of the human heart.

L. G. Miller

NO MODEL of elegant landscaping was the O'Halloran backyard. In a few isolated patches, the grass struggled bravely against the constant scuffing inflicted upon the area by the O'Halloran youngsters, eight of them, ranging in age from two to twelve. A weather-beaten shed, once used to house chickens, stood tremblingly against the rickety back fence, which looked out upon a singularly uninviting alley. Scattered here and there in profusion was an assortment of sticks, sorry-looking dolls, and battered small carts such as might have been salvaged from the city dump.

There was something strange about the O'Halloran backyard on this particular morning. There were no clotheslines up, and no sign of the buxom Mrs. O'Halloran coming out of her kitchen door with her hamper of laundry, red-cheeked and perspiring from her exertion with the hand-turned wringer. For another thing, the yard was strangely barren of young O'Hallorans. A close glance might have revealed two of them on the back porch, but they sat there, silent and sober, and presenting this unusual aspect, that they were dressed in clean clothes and scrubbed until their faces shone.

A car drew up in the alley-way behind the house and after a moment the back gate creaked and an elderly man came through, bearing in his arms a large box-like package decently wrapped in brown paper. The two youngsters on the porch rose solemnly and opened the door for him, and he entered the house, with the children following closely behind.

Next door Mrs. Ryan sat in her kitchen talking to Mrs. Seitz, who had run over as a neighbor will do to pick up a cup of sugar and exchange neighborhood gossip. They had both observed through the window the arrival of the man with the package, and after a quick process of neighborly deduction, Mrs. Ryan volunteered the information:

"That will be the St. Vincent de Paul man with a little coffin for the baby."

Mrs. Seitz was scandalized.

"Does the poor thing have to call on the St. Vincent de Paul to take care of the funeral?" she asked.

"Yes, she does, more's the pity."

"But doesn't her man do any work at all?"

Mrs. Ryan curled her lip in the time-honored fashion of a middle-aged woman passing comment upon masculine foibles and faults.

"Ah, that O'Halloran, he's a slave of the bottle, as everyone knows, and hasn't held down a steady job for years."

The two women clucked their tongues and shook their heads in solemn unison.

"When did the little one die?" asked Mrs. Seitz.

"It must have died some time around midnight," answered Mrs. Ryan. "Mrs. O'Halloran told me yesterday it was fretful and feverish all day, and I saw the doctor go into the house around supper time."

"Well, now," said the other, "it's not easy to lose a child, and one that's been strong and healthy as well."

Mrs. Ryan gave her companion a curious look.

"Did you never see the O'Halloran baby?" she inquired.

"Why, no. I'm only in the neighborhood a short time, you know. I was in the house only a few days ago, and saw no sign of the child, but I made nothing of it, thinking it was asleep."

"The little one wasn't asleep," said Mrs. Ryan. "Towards the end, it didn't sleep much at all."

She stopped, and Mrs. Seitz waited expectantly with more than a little curiosity.

"You might as well know about it," Mrs. Ryan finally said. "Mrs. O'Halloran's poor little baby had something wrong with it from the time it was born. According to the doctors," and here Mrs. Ryan's voice fell into a whisper—"it was a mongoloid."

Mrs. Seitz drew in her breath sharply. She had not the slightest idea what the term meant, but it sounded terrible.

"The poor thing!" she said. "And was there no hope for it at all?"

"Oh, it could have lived, but 'twould be a burden on others all its life, with only half its wits. 'Tis better far the child sickened and died."

"Indeed it is," said Mrs. Seitz, who was glad Mrs. Ryan had indirectly and partially explained the mysterious term. "And how is Mrs. O'Halloran taking her loss? Did you see her this morning?"

"Yes, I took some hot soup over there right after breakfast, thinking they'd need some nourishment after the long night. There she was, sitting quietly in a chair beside the baby's bed, with two or three of the other children around her, and himself sat in a corner, puffing on his pipe, sober as a judge, mind you, and none of them breathing a syllable. They thanked me real nice, but it gave me a strange feeling, I'll tell you, to see them there so quiet."

"So she feels real bad about it?" said Mrs. Seitz, with genuine sympathy in her voice.

"Yes, and her with eight live and healthy ones, too, and after the time she had with this little one, up night and day."

While this conversation was taking place, the nominal head of the O'Halloran household was busy welcoming his visitor, who had carefully placed his burden upon the kitchen table.

"It's mighty good of you, Riley, to come to our aid at this sad time," he said.

"Tosh, man, we're glad to do it. This is part of our work," said the other, as he took off his overcoat. He had made a good many calls at the O'Halloran home in the line of duty, bringing aid of one kind or another to the family, and he now cast a sharp and experienced eye at the children standing around with unaccustomed solemnity.

"Kathleen," he said to the eldest, a freckle-faced youngster of twelve, "Have the little ones been properly fed this day?"

Kathleen glanced at her father, and then with a certain lifting of her chin replied:

"We had a nice breakfast, thank you."

"Don't try to deceive me, girl," said Riley. "How much food have you got in the house?"

"We've got a loaf of bread."

"And is that all? We'll have to do something about that. Now, Kathleen," he went on, "take the children into the other room like a good girl and shut the door. I want a word with your father."

Mr. Riley was a kindly man, and there was a strong pity in his heart as he watched the poorly-clad little procession make its way out of the room.

But there was nothing kindly in the glance he fixed upon their father.

"O'Halloran," he said, "What happened that you were fired from the job we got you?"

"I wasn't fired, Riley. I quit, and that's the truth."

"And why? Ah, there's no need to answer that, man. It's written all over your face. It was the bottle again, wasn't it?"

"Just a wee thimbleful I had, Riley, I swear it wasn't no more than you could put in an old woman's hollow tooth. They were downright unreasonable about it, and so I says to the boss: 'Sir, I am not accustomed to being treated like as if I was your chattel.' And I walks out."

"And a fine thing for you to stand on your pride, man, with your little ones weak with hunger and your good wife cryin' her eyes out over the baby's death. I've a mind to set Father Mullen on you, that I have."

"For the Lord's sake, Riley, don't tell Father Mullen. I'll go back to work as soon as you find me another job, but don't tell Father Mullen. Last week he came near flayin' me alive. 'O'Halloran,' he says, 'what you need is someone to beat some sense into your thick head.' And he's the man that would try to do it if his ire's aroused."

"Well now, man," said Riley, glancing at his watch, "Father Mullen will be here soon, and I'll not say anything. You can pretend you're just here for the day. Where's the little one, now, so we can get ready for the funeral."

"In the bedroom, Riley, and the Mrs. has been sitting next to it for hours. She's taking it very hard."

"Ah well, that's easily understood, Michael. Your wife was attached to the little one, as we well know. But she'll be much happier without the child

to take care of night and day, the way it was."

"I've told my wife that, Riley, but she won't be consoled."

It was very quiet in the bedroom, as Riley entered it. The brightly colored chintz curtain hung motionless over the partially opened window. A cheap print of the Sacred Heart was tacked over the bed on the faded wallpaper. On the old-fashioned bureau was a small crucifix and a candle had burned down low beside it. On the ancient four-poster bed a threadbare but immaculately clean bedspread hung straight and true, unwrinkled save for its pathetic little burden, the dead baby, lying there so quietly, a peaceful little island in a sea of white. Riley gazed at the little one, and noted as he had often done before, with a feeling of pity, the slanting eyes and the curious shape of the child's head and the off-center cast of its features. Standing there, he breathed a little prayer of gratitude that the little one had died, that the doors of this tiny misshapen prison had sprung open and released the prisoner, free and untrammelled and beautiful as any other soul entering heaven this day.

"God be with you, Mrs. O'Halloran," he said gently.

"Thank you, Mr. Riley."

"I'll not try to speak any fancy words of consolation, Mrs. O'Halloran. I know how you loved this poor little thing. Haven't I stopped in this house many's the time just to be lifted up by the sight of your unselfishness?"

Mrs. O'Halloran wept quietly and was silent.

"You must not let your grief bear you down, Mrs. O'Halloran. God knows best, and the little one is far better off and far happier than ever it was before."

Which indeed was the substance of the prayer offered up an hour later by

Father Mullen as, vested in surplice and stole, he stood at the head of the grave and looked down at the tiny little casket, Father Mullen was stout and red-faced and puffing a little from his walk up the hill to the site of the grave. On the Sabbath his voice thundered into every corner of St. Malachy's church as he read the gospel and applied its threats to the sleek and comfortable Catholics who thought that all they had to do to save their souls was to get to church just before the Offertory of the eleven o'clock Sunday Mass. But now his voice was gentle with a certain rough tenderness:

*"Almighty and most merciful God
Who when little children born again of
water depart this mortal life dost forth-
with without any desert of theirs bestow
upon them life everlasting, as we be-
lieve Thou hast done to this little
child . . ."*

Mr. and Mrs. O'Halloran and all their brood, standing there so solemn and serious in the bright sun, felt the warm joy rise in their hearts as the priest said the words because they believed in them with their whole souls. And they joined with him in spirit as he called upon God Who had called the soul of this little child, mercifully to vouchsafe to deal with them in like manner so that through the holy passion of Christ and the prayer of the Blessed Virgin Mary and all the saints they might all come to rejoice in the happy kingdom of heaven.

Then Father Mullen closed his book and sprinkled holy water on the little white casket and they all came down from the misty heights of formal prayer and in a different tone of voice, as one mourner to another, Father Mullen said some Our Fathers and Hail Marys, and they all let the time-worn phrases wash over their souls like a gentle balm.

Then Father Mullen nodded to Mr. O'Halloran and led the way to the automobiles parked a short distance away, and Mr. O'Halloran took his wife by the arm and gently urged her to leave the grave so that she would be spared the trial of watching the little casket be lowered into the ground and the dirt piled over it, for the cross was heavy enough for her to bear without making it heavier by letting her be witness to the sealing in of mortality.

And the O'Halloran children too turned away, and though they were sad, they were joyful, too, for they knew that some day their little sister would rise again from this very grave and her misshapen little body would be all straightened out and she would be all shiny and beautiful, just as Sister Maura in school had told them it would be.

Thus the O'Hallorans left the cemetery and climbed into Mr. Riley's Plymouth, with the overflow into the pastor's Chevrolet, and were driven home, where they were refreshed with a hot meal, prepared by some of the ladies of the Holy Family. And they went to bed, and slept, and next day both the sorrow and the joy had begun to fade, and the memory of the dead baby began the inevitable process of growing dim and vague. Mr. O'Halloran slipped back into his comradeship with the strong waters, and was duly flayed alive by Father Mullen, and promised to reform and of course failed to do so; and Mr. Riley judiciously employed Vincentian funds in buying clothes and shoes for the O'Halloran children, who promptly tore the clothes and scuffed the shoes as they swarmed over their cluttered backyard, climbing the trees and all but impaling themselves on the rickety back-fence. Mrs. Ryan and Mrs. Seitz found new material for their morning gossip hour,

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and life went on as before, with the dead baby forgotten—except by the one to whom it had been the source of the most sorrow and suffering and sacrifice.

Sometimes Mrs. O'Halloran, in her daily round of housecleaning, would come upon a reminder, such as a tiny baby's shoe, and when this happened, likely as not she would drop whatever she was doing for a moment and sit down in a chair fondling the little shoe in her two hands, while she shut her eyes tightly to hold back the quick tears.

There would be no one who could

understand the sweep and power and richness of such a grief. Not any mere man, with his preoccupation with the less important things of life; not your selfish, neurotic, childless wives with half their heart's affection frozen by selfishness; not even a priest, with all his experience of human suffering. Only a mother who has cared for helplessness and cherished it and supported it until every fibre of its being is entwined around her heart.

Only such a mother as this—and God.

Points for Christians

The late Mahatma Gandhi, although he died as he had lived, a staunch Buddhist, appreciated the beauty of Christianity, and often gave it as his belief that Christianity could play an important role in the uplifting of India.

He also made some pointed suggestions for Christians which would make their work more easy, and we think they could very well be taken as the basis for an examination of conscience by all concerned:

"First, I would suggest that all you Christians—missionaries and all—should begin to live more like Jesus Christ.

"Second, I would suggest that you practice your religion without adulterating it or toning it down.

"Third, you should make love central in your lives, for love is central in Christianity.

"Fourth, you should study the non-Christian religions more sympathetically to find out the good that is in them in order to have a more sympathetic approach to the people."

Second Raters

How far we are in this country from carrying our proportionate share of foreign mission work is evident from a comparison of our efforts with those of a small country like Holland.

The number of Catholic missionaries from Holland in the East Indies alone in 1940 was larger than the total number of U. S. missionaries in *all* the overseas missions. There were 2,890 Netherlands missionaries in the East Indies; 2,222 from the U. S. A. in all foreign mission fields.

The number of Catholics in Holland is about 2,300,000, compared to about 30,000,000 in the United States.

Cost of a Funeral

Under the heading of the good old days might be included the following list of funeral expenses for one Jeremiah Sullivan, who died April 4th, 1766. The bill has been preserved among the papers of the American Catholic Historical Society:

To Rob't Phillips, for use of a hearse.....	4 pence
To James Cooper, for a coffin.....	4 shillings
To George Adams, funeral director.....	2 shillings, 10 pence
To Going with Corpse to Bohemia Manor.....	1-6-6

Which makes a total expenditure of less than \$7.00.



Three Minute Instruction

The Honors Due to Mary

It is sometimes thought, especially by non-Catholics who have been educated to think thus, that Catholics draw only on their imaginations and on superstition to honor the Blessed Virgin Mary as they do. They do not know that every privilege or honor attributed to Mary rests on a twofold foundation: 1) carefully considered principles of reason and 2) testimonies of God's revelations to mankind.

1. The principles of reason that are brought to bear on the privileges attributed to the Mother of Christ are: a) that, because of Mary's close association with the Son of God and the work of man's redemption, God would surely bestow on her every perfection *befitting* to her sublime role; b) that, since Mary's role is absolutely *unique* among all the children of men, it is certain she would be given unique and exclusive privileges in accord with its exceptional singularity; c) that, since Mary surpasses all the saints in dignity and honor as an instrument of God's plans, she would surely be given the equivalent of every great gift bestowed by God on any saint; d) that, because she was so intimately united to the Son of God, even in her very body, God would surely grant her privileges similar to those possessed by the humanity of Christ. These, of course, could never be equal to Christ's privileges, and, though they make her worthy of high honor, this can never be even on the same plane with the adoration due to Christ.

2. These principles of reason flow naturally from the revealed truth of the Scriptures that Mary was truly the Mother of God. In their application to specific privileges they must also be confirmed by revelation in some way. Any privilege that is suggested to the mind as befitting Mary's high estate cannot possibly contradict any specific statement of the Scriptures or any traditional teaching of Christianity, nor can it be accepted as anything more than a presumption or a possibility if no evidence can be found for it in the actual revelations of God. Of course if the denial of a certain privilege to Mary would clearly and absolutely be unbecoming to God, it would be certain that Mary possessed the privilege. In doubts about this matter, recourse must always be had to what God has revealed.

Thus no one can truthfully say that Catholics unreasonably or superstitiously honor God's Mother. The best Christian minds of all ages have exerted their reasoning powers to show the compelling doctrinal foundations for that honor; and they have never advanced a proposition that was not checked against God's revealed word.

God's Silent Children

Every American should know something about this large but neglected group of their fellow-citizens.

D. J. Corrigan

IN THE City of St. Louis there is a young lady named Ruth. For many years Ruth had a beauty parlor and did such a rushing business that she had to employ two helpers. But several years ago the press of work became too much: so she sold her shop and now serves a smaller clientele in her own home. Ruth is a militant Catholic and amid permanent waves and radiant rinses she has managed to persuade numerous fallen-away Catholics to come back to the fold. In addition, in recent years she has talked four or five non-Catholics annually into taking instructions and entering the Church. The remarkable part of this is the fact that Ruth is *totally deaf*, has not heard a sound since the age of nine. With the deaf she can expertly converse in signs, but with the hearing she has to read lips and then carefully speak without knowing how her words sound. Yet she has taught more speaking people the rudiments of faith than have most people with full power of speech!

Ordinarily we admire people who overcome serious handicaps to achieve great things. Frequently, however, we do not laud the deaf, either because we do not know them or because we do not appreciate their difficulties. Sometimes in our ignorance we unwittingly offend them.

To the normal speaking person, the sight of two people conversing in signs often conveys the impression that the deaf are almost a different kind of human beings. That is due principally to the fact that there is a barrier be-

tween them and the ordinary speaking person—a barrier of hearing and speech. But "deaf-mutes," as they are called, are no different fundamentally than other human beings. They have the same body and soul, the same reasoning power and human emotions; possibly they are a bit more sensitive and suspicious, as handicapped people are inclined to be. If they cannot speak, or if they speak haltingly, it is due to one fact: that they are *deaf*, that they have been deaf either from birth or early childhood. As a rule there is nothing wrong with their vocal chords or power of speech.

Most of us learn to speak in childhood because we can hear and imitate the sound of words. But as every parent and speech professor knows, this even for the normal person is a long and laborious process. Picture to yourself a child who has never heard a sound, neither the chirping of the birds nor a mother's voice nor even the rumble of thunder in the sky. Then imagine what an impossibility it must seem for that child ever to learn to utter intelligible words. Yet of those deaf children in the United States who are given a chance to enter a specialized school, after years of painstaking effort a large percentage do learn, with varying degrees of fluency, to speak, and to speak orally!

Possibly the greatest living proof of the existence of a human rational soul is the fact that the totally deaf learn to converse. Denied the ability to chatter with other children, the deaf child soon learns to talk by signs, when there

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is anyone around who can talk in that way. The "sign language" is the most natural and easy manner of conversation for the deaf, and in some ways it has advantages over normal speech, as amid great noise or at a distance. Priests, laboring for the deaf, almost universally recognize it as the only practical medium for their apostolate, in as much as churches are usually too large and dark for successful reading of the preacher's lips. The great handicap of the sign language, however, is that it keeps the deaf out of contact with most of the rest of the speaking world, and that often means out of opportunity for employment, desirable friendship and social intercourse, and sad to say, it frequently severely handicaps the deaf person in the practice of his religion.

There are two terms to which the deaf reasonably object. One is the expression "deaf and dumb." This is odious principally because of the connotation of the word *dumb*. Given equal opportunity, the deaf are no lower in intelligence and achievement than other human beings. In fact, the affliction of a deaf person often spurs him on to attainments that many normal persons do not reach. A Catholic chaplain of the deaf in one of our large cities was recently telling about one of his charges, a cabinet-maker named Fred. Fred is an expert at his trade, but his great love is books, particularly the classics. Recently, with the priest as interpreter, Fred held an interesting two and one-half hours' discussion with a university professor of their favorite authors, ranging from Chaucer to Dickens and Schiller.

Another word that the deaf object to is *deaf-mute*. While some deaf may be totally mute, or unable to speak orally, they all can talk by signs and a surprising number, with greater or less

clarity, can read lips and utter words. This is due to the fact that deaf children today can enter special schools, many of which are, unfortunately, dangerous to the faith of Catholic deaf children; but after a long, laborious training these schools do teach them lip-reading, speech, ability to read books, and to associate more normally in a speaking world. But the fact that they are not by any means *mute* makes these people prefer simply to be known as the *deaf*.

A deaf child usually has speaking parents. During the years of infancy that child will be no different than his little brothers and sisters, except that he will not respond to sound. As the child grows up the parents will use the same gestures or signs with the deaf child as with the other children, until the latter begin to speak. Then too often the unfortunate youngster with no hearing is forgotten, and while his brothers go on learning wonderful new things each day because they can ask questions, and while they thereby claim most of the attention of the parents because they can talk, the deaf boy is left in a world all his own, shut out except for what he can see or feel. Most often the parents do not bother to learn the simple signs by which he might be instructed; sometimes they are ashamed of the little one, who naturally is backward because of his handicap, not because he is unintelligent. Time goes on and the little fellow falls far behind his brothers and sisters, because he was not taught at home, could not go to school, and finally he emerges into boyhood and adulthood with little or no preparation for life. It was one of these children who several years later as a young lady wrote this question to a priest during a retreat: "Why do not parents love their *deaf* sons and daughters?"

One of the disheartening experiences

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that priests who are adept with the sign language meet in their labors among the deaf is the number of fallen-away Catholics among them. The explanation is simple: As a rule these deaf people received as children no religious instruction either from their parents, priests or Catholic teachers. Later when they found opportunity to attend a school for the deaf, so often non-Catholic in its management, they fell easy prey to Protestant or irreligious propaganda. Today they are lost to the Faith because there was no Catholic who took the trouble to learn the sign language and instruct them.

So often the deaf are unknown. Several years ago Father K—, who devotes himself exclusively to the deaf, approached a pastor who was tireless in his zeal for his small town flock, and asked him whether there were any Catholic deaf in his parish. "I am sure there are not," replied the pastor. "May I have permission to scout around and see?" asked Father K—. "Certainly," replied the pastor. During the next few days Father K— found seven Catholic deaf, most of whom had not made their First Communion, and in a short time he had organized an instruction class for twelve people. The method was easy. Father K— found one deaf person, and since he could converse with this deaf person in signs, through him he very soon contacted the other deaf in the parish. Oftentimes only the deaf know the deaf.

Father Daniel Higgins, C.Ss.R., who has devoted some forty priestly years to the service of the deaf, maintains that it would not be difficult for all priests to learn the sign language sufficiently to keep in contact with the deaf. For that purpose he has published a book, "How to Talk to the Deaf," in which by hundreds of actual photographs he

graphically portrays each word sign. The sign language is a picture language. It is true, there is a manual alphabet for words that have to be spelled. But spelling out words would be too slow for the deaf, and for centuries these unfortunates have had a language known the world around, in which each idea and action is made known by a gesture. So natural are most of these signs that it does not take long to master ability to speak in signs; it takes much practice, however, quickly to be able to read the signs of another, especially when he speaks with the ordinary tempo of the deaf. Especially advantageous would it be for all seminarians to learn the sign language; true, many might forget much of it later on for lack of use, but when the need arose, it would be easy to brush up and take care of some otherwise neglected soul.

Interesting is the comparison between the manuscript of an ordinary sermon and one preached to the deaf in signs. We present first the ordinary sermon:

"When the Jews crucified Jesus, long ago, most of them did not know for sure that He was the Son of God; they looked to their leaders, to the chief priests, to the Scribes and Pharisees for instruction and help, and these, their leaders, had deceived the ordinary people. But today it is quite different. We as Catholics know that Jesus is true God; through instruction and teaching we know what the Ten Commandments are; we know that if we commit serious sin and die with grievous sin on our soul, we will not enter heaven but will burn for all eternity in hell. Yet in spite of all our knowledge, in spite of all the instruction given us, we continue to sin and sin as much as we can."

The following are the words by which the same thoughts would be presented in the sign language:

"Long past Jews not perfect know
Jesus is true God; chief Jews deceive

all other Jews. But we know Jesus is God. We know law of God. We know we lose heaven and get hell. But we do not care and we sin as can."

Naturally an effective presentation of such a sermon for the deaf requires much dramatization or pantomime. As one priest put it, facial expression along with the signs is an absolute MUST.

In most large cities bishops have now appointed one priest to supervise work for the deaf. Ordinarily these afflicted people will assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion in their own parish church, but at stated intervals they will gather in some church for their special service in the sign language, for instruction and confession. Very impressive is the sight of one hundred or more "silent" people devoutly singing, while the organ plays, the hymns of Benediction—all in the signs. A chaplain for the deaf is usually kept very busy, since so often he is the only priest in the vicinity who knows the signs, and all sick calls, instructions, marriages, etc., come to him. It is no easy task sometimes to give adequate convert instruction to a person with voice and hearing; it is often a stupendous job to give a convert full enlightenment in the truths and practices of Catholicism, when it has to be done in signs and the candidate, often as not, had had no rudimentary knowledge of religion. From time to time the chaplain will invite another priest to come to give a mission or retreat to his deaf flock in the sign language. But in localities where no priest is adept in the signs, the Catholic deaf often grow up with no instruction in their Faith and frequently with no confession or Holy Communion.

Recently I was talking to one of these chaplains for the deaf. "Some speaking people pity the deaf," he remarked.

"But pity is not what they want. They need understanding and help. Often the most discriminated against people in the world are the deaf. They become very good craftsmen, artisans, adept in anything that requires exact application of the hands. Yet, what happens? Few business firms will hire them, because, on account of their infirmity, they cannot get insurance."

"But often," he continued, "the deaf are worse off when it comes to the practice of their religion. In most instances, they cannot approach the pastor, because he does not know how to talk with them. For social purposes they are thrown into contact with non-Catholic deaf and since often they have not been well grounded in their Faith, they easily lose their religion through such association. Pastors and Catholic people should seek out the totally deaf in their parish as the 'one who needs help more than the ninety-nine.'"

The chaplain went on: "No, the deaf are not peculiar. Learn to talk with them in their own language and you will meet some of the finest people and best friends you could possibly find. Take Anne for instance:

"Anne had a Catholic mother and a Jewish father. At the age of seven she fell and struck her head on the curb, and has not heard a sound since that day—37 years ago. Filled with a desire to convert her father, Anne went into Catholic Action in a vigorous way. Her great consolation now is that she saw him baptised on his deathbed. Anne is an expert both in the signs and lip-reading. For many years as a member of the Legion of Mary, she has devoted her efforts towards the spiritual welfare of the deaf in the city. She was also instrumental in assisting the chaplain to start a society for the partially deaf

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or hard of hearing. Anne has had doors shut in her face; she has been insulted by the very people whom she was trying to help, and yet her zeal for souls carries her on. What does she do for a living? Well, for twenty years she has been repairing fountain pens, but today she has another job. When I asked her why she changed, she replied: 'After twenty years I became mighty disgusted with such a monotonous job.'

"Then there is Mrs. Rei. Her deafness came upon her in early childhood as the result of scarlet fever, and today at sixty she is totally blind. I have to spell the words into her hand by signs in order to talk with her. At the turn of the century she was employed with the Mercantile Trust Company as typist and mail clerk. Today she is confined to her home. You recall the story of Moses on top of the mount praying for the success of the Israelites down in

the valley fighting the enemy? Well, that is Mrs. Rei's occupation today. Due to her blindness and age, she is incapacitated to a large extent. So she 'signs' three rosaries each day: one for each of three priests whom she knows and who are working for the deaf throughout the United States."

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NOTE: In more than 50 cities in the United States there is at least one priest devoting himself almost exclusively to the welfare of the deaf. The Redemptorists are in charge of sixteen of these cities, and in addition give missions and retreats to the deaf. Also, there are nine Catholic schools for the deaf in this country and two in Canada, in which lip reading and oral speech and a general education are given. At present the westernmost school is located in St. Louis, Missouri.

The Old Order

One of our operators, digging through some ancient yellow postal schedules, came up with the following list of postage rates issued by one Abraham Bradley in Philadelphia in the year 1796:

Rate of Postage for Single Letters

	Miles	Cents
Any distance not exceeding.....	30	6
Over 30 and not exceeding.....	60	8
Over 60 and not exceeding.....	100	10
Over 100 and not exceeding.....	150	12½
Over 150 and not exceeding.....	200	15
Over 200 and not exceeding.....	250	17
Over 250 and not exceeding.....	350	20
Over 350 and not exceeding.....	450	22
Over 450		25

Rate of Postage for Newspapers

	Cents
Each paper carried not over 100 miles.....	1
Each paper carried over 100 miles.....	1½
Magazines and pamphlets are rated by the sheet:	
Carried not over 50 miles, per sheet.....	1
Over 50 and not over 100.....	1½
Any greater distance.....	2
Letter carriers will be given 2c for every letter and package delivered.	



Character Test (61)

L. M. Merrill

On Squeamishness

One of the lesser bad traits that may be found in people is that which may be called squeamishness. This is the opposite extreme of vulgarity. Vulgar persons are unmindful of or callous toward the proprieties of civilization and the normal sensibilities of others; squeamish persons possess exaggerated and affected sensibilities that react with horror or apparent disgust to things that should not disturb normal people at all. Their delicacy and refinement are such that they cannot stand the grim realities, forthright speech and unavoidable disorders of everyday living.

Some are squeamish in respect to language and conversation. All references to disease, blood, death, horror and similar things, must be avoided in their presence; if not, they will show great displeasure and sometimes even feign illness. The feigned illness can in time become real. It is true that there are times and places and modes in which to speak about such things would offend anyone; but there are other times when such topics cannot or should not be avoided. The squeamish person does not want to hear about them at all.

Others are squeamish about their clothing, appearance, surroundings. Their dress must be immaculate, even to the point of foppishness, and must be in style even if they have to impoverish themselves to keep it so. They cannot bear to do anything that involves soiling the hands or face. They would rather starve than take an honest job in unpleasant surroundings. They think that this makes them "gentlemen" or "ladies"; in reality they are victims of affectation and "dandyism."

The psychological explanation of squeamishness is that very often it represents a cowardly attempt to escape the rugged and difficult things that are a necessary part of every human life. The one who cannot bear to hear about death, or to look at the dead, and who seeks to escape the inescapable by avoiding the very thought and word, may possess an unreasonable fear of death. One who manifests faintness or illness in the face of disease, horror, blood, etc., whether in reality or in the ordinary conversation of others, may well be seeking to avoid the hard tasks of charity that the misfortunes of others demand. One who has an exaggerated horror of dirt, disorder and disagreeable surroundings may in reality merely have a dislike of work, and may have found it possible to avoid work by feigning horror of that which usually accompanies decent toil.

Squeamish persons should try to be honest with themselves. Let them drag their real fears out into the open areas of consciousness, and they will be ashamed to cling to their affected fears.

American Troubadour

Showing how all that makes America great could make it greater if, as in this American, it could be turned toward God.

H. J. O'Connell

THAT MANLY courage and willingness to battle for an ideal can be combined in the same personality with tenderness and delicacy of feeling is evident from the life of Joyce Kilmer, the soldier-poet, who sang songs of exquisite sweetness, and yet died in the mud of France with a bullet through his brain.

Kilmer was as American as the New England hills his ancestors won for freedom in the Revolutionary War. Born at New Brunswick, N. J., December 6, 1886, like most Americans, he had in his veins the blood of many nationalities: Irish, English, German, and Scotch. In his character, too, he had the traits that are thought of as typically American: enthusiasm, efficiency, tireless energy, friendliness, humor, and vivid enjoyment of life. But he had also an idealism, reverence, and deep spirituality that are not so common in this progressive land.

After his college days at Rutgers and Columbia, Joyce Kilmer plunged into a career that within a few years made him acquainted with almost every angle of the literary profession. He began as a school-teacher; but soon gave this up. Then, with the rashness of youth, although knowing little or nothing about horses, he undertook to edit a journal for horsemen. This position was abruptly terminated when he made some disparaging remarks about a manuscript which he found in a desk drawer, only to discover that the owner of the journal was the proud author of the manuscript. For a few weeks he worked as a book

salesman. After this, he took a job as editorial assistant in preparing a new edition of the Standard Dictionary. Later, he entered the field of religious journalism as editor of "*The Churchman*." Finally, he became what he described as "a hard newspaperman," writing specials for the *New York Times Sunday Magazine*. He also tried his hand at book reviews, and embarked on a busy career as a lecturer. Besides all this, he held offices in various literary societies, and conducted the poetry department for several magazines. How he did it all was a mystery that even his friends found it difficult to understand. "His flaming energy," one of them declared, "crowded into ten years the experiences of several ordinary lifetimes."

During all this time, he was contributing to magazines and newspapers the verses of poetry upon which his fame chiefly rests. His earlier poems, collected into a volume called "*A Summer of Love*," awakened sufficient attention to cause him to be included in the *Who's Who* at the age of twenty-five.

In 1913, he published the poem "*Trees*," which drew world-wide attention, and firmly established his reputation. This poem, as one commentator put it, "simply could not be confined within the covers of a book." It was reprinted in newspapers throughout the land, translated into various languages, set to music, included in anthologies, and copied in text-books, so that scarcely any educated person is unacquainted

with its delicately humorous, yet deeply reverent conclusion:

"Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

Kilmer, like every great poet, took much of his material from the simple, homely things of life. He looked at them and saw a beauty that was concealed from duller eyes. Thus, he sang of railroad stations and trains, of the Main Street of a small town, a snowman built by children's hands, of the boom and brass of a circus band, of servant girls and grocer-boys. Once, when an editor declared: "There are certain subjects which can never be handled in poetry," Kilmer challenged him: "I would like to know what they are?" "Oh, for instance, no one could write a poem about a delicatessen shop," the man replied. "I'll write a poem about such a shop," Kilmer stated. "It will be a long poem, and I'll sell it to a high-brow magazine." How well he fulfilled his promise and found beauty in the unlikely theme can be perceived from the touching lines:

"O Carpenter of Nazareth,
Whose mother was a village maid,
Shall we, Thy children, blow our breath
In scorn on any humble trade?"

"Have pity on our foolishness
And give us eyes, that we may see
Beneath the shopman's clumsy dress
The splendor of humanity!"

Joyce Kilmer had been bred an Episcopalian; but in 1913, together with his wife, Aline, and his children, he entered the Catholic Church. Always reticent about his private religious life, he never gave a detailed account of the steps that led to his conversion. It is certain that the sorrow which seared his soul when one of his daughters was stricken with infantile paralysis contributed greatly to his spiritual matur-

ity. He frequently declared: "I like to feel that I have always been a Catholic. I believed in the Catholic view of ethics and esthetics for a long time." Shortly after his conversion, he wrote: "My wife and I are very comfortable now that we are Catholics. We feel that we're where we belong."

Once he had entered the Church, Kilmer was thoroughly and unhesitatingly a Catholic. His faith colored his viewpoint on every subject: on art, economics, literature, and politics, as well as on religion and morality. There was no mistaking on which side he stood. His outlook on the place of religion in literature was expressed in a letter to a friend:

"I don't think Catholic writers should spend their time writing tracts and Sunday school books, but I think the faith should illuminate everything they write, grave or gay. . . . The Catholic faith is a thing that I'd like to write moderately well about than magnificently well about anything else. It is more important, more beautiful, more necessary than anything else in life."

Though Kilmer was a man of the world, engaged in the struggle for his family's daily bread, living in the turmoil of New York, he led an intensely spiritual life. This spirituality, instead of being blunted, was deepened after he entered the army. The tenderness and strength of his religious feeling are evident in his poems, especially in those composed in France, and also in letters to his friends. Thus, he wrote to a priest:

"Pray for me, my dear Father, that I may love God more and that I may be unceasingly conscious of Him—that is the greatest desire I have."

And in one of his very last letters, he begged of a nun:

"Pray that I may love God more. It seems to me that if I can learn to love God

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more passionately, more constantly, without distractions, that absolutely nothing else can matter. Except while we are in the trenches I receive Holy Communion every morning, so it ought to be all the easier to attain this object of my prayers. I got Faith, you know, by praying for it. I hope I get love the same way."

When the United States entered the war against Germany in 1917, Joyce Kilmer felt it his duty to go. He was a warrior by nature, a fighter for what he held sacred. Once in the army, he wanted to be where the action was thickest. Finding the Officers Reserve Training Corps, which he first joined, kept him too far from the scene of battle, he enlisted as a private in the Seventh Regiment, National Guard, New York. In the hope of getting overseas sooner, he was transferred at his own request to an Irish-American regiment of the famous Rainbow Division. In France, he was first assigned to a desk-job in the Adjutant's office; but managed to get one of the most dangerous positions in the army, that of an observer, whose duty it was to spot out enemy positions and guns.

The strange thing is, that Kilmer, the poet, took to the rough, hard, perilous life like one born to the soldier's trade. He had an unbounded admiration and deep sense of comradeship with the gallant Irish boys around him, and they worshipped him in return. His courage went to the border of recklessness. The supply officer of his company said of him:

"He would always be doing more than his orders called for—that is, getting much nearer to the enemy's position than any officer would ever be inclined to send him. Night after night he would lie out in No Man's Land, crawling through barbed wires, in an effort to locate enemy positions and enemy guns, and tearing his clothes to shreds. On the following day he would come to me for a new uniform."

Father Duffy, chaplain of Kilmer's regiment, said:

"He was absolutely the coolest and most indifferent man in the face of danger I have ever seen. It was not for lack of love of life, for he enjoyed his life as a soldier. It was partly from his inborn courage and devotion—he would not stint his sacrifice—partly his deep and real belief that what God wills is best."

Sergeant Joyce Kilmer was killed in action, July 30, 1918, just a few months before the war's end. Marshal Foch had begun the Allied drive across the Marne, and Kilmer was in the very heart of the heavy fighting. On the day of his death, he had volunteered his services to the major of the foremost battalion because his own battalion would not be in the lead that day. Having discovered that the woods ahead contained enemy machine guns, he returned to report this fact, and was sent at the head of a patrol to discover their exact location. Several hours later, when the battalion moved into the woods, his companions caught sight of him lying on the ground, as though peering over the top of a little ridge. So natural was his posture, that they thought he was alive, still scouting the enemy ahead. Upon calling to him, and receiving no answer, they ran over and turned him on his back, only to discover that he was dead, with a bullet through his brain.

He was buried in a little cemetery, not far from "the wood they call the Rouge Bouquet," in the midst of the brave Irish boys he loved so well. God had, indeed, heard the prayer and accepted the sacrifice offered by this soldier-poet in the muddy trenches of France:

"Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.

So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen."

BIBLICAL PROBLEMS (17)

E. A. Mangan

War in the Old Testament

Problem: How can the Bible be a good guide for human beings when the Old Testament is so filled with stories of war?

Solution: This question takes for granted something that should be proved, namely, that the chosen people of God, whose history is related in the Old Testament, were always or nearly always at war. The assumption is contrary to fact. Compare the history of Israel in the Old Testament with that of Greece, Rome, Spain, France, Germany or England, and you will find that Israel emerges rather well from the comparison. The United States is a comparatively young nation and has been rather fortunate in regard to wars, yet even America looks rather bad in a comparison with the Old Testament peoples. This is history.

Thus cleared of false assumptions, the question as to why there were any wars in Old Testament days and recorded in the Bible may be answered briefly as follows:

1. In the first stages of her history, Israel was winning the land bequeathed to her by God from pagans and barbarians who had rejected Him. God is the Lord of all the world. He created it. He decided to give Palestine to Israel, and commanded them to drive out the peoples who had settled there. The wars fought against these nations by the Jews were God's punishment against them. But God brought good out of evil as He always does, because many of the wicked people were converted and saved through war, just as many had been converted to God through the flood and other punishments that God inflicted on mankind.

2. The author of the Book of Judges (which means God Himself, Who is the primary author of the whole Bible) gives other reasons for the wars that took place during the long history of the Jewish nation. These reasons constitute the literary theme of the Book of Judges. To anyone especially interested in this question an attentive reading of Chapter III of Judges will be illuminating.

God says, first, that the wars in which Israel was involved were permitted as a trial for His people. He wanted to test their fidelity. When they proved unfaithful in the trial of war, He permitted them to be taken captive by the Babylonians and Assyrians. Through that trial they were purified and never afterward fell into idolatry as a nation.

God also says (in Judges) that wars were punishments meted out to His people for their sins. In each case, as soon as they did penance and prayed to Him, God raised up a liberator to save them.

Lastly, God states that wars, even many of the Old Testament wars just as the wars of today, arise out of the evil wills of human beings, and having made them free, He does not interpose by a miracle and prevent the misery they bring upon themselves. He does turn it into good, making it a means of punishment, atonement and spiritual conversion for the wicked.

Christ and Platitude

"Never hath man spoken as this man speaks," was what His own contemporaries said of Our Lord.

R. J. Miller

THE Human Being never uttered a platitude in His life. Startling, dazing, amazing, even shocking are the words to describe His utterances, once we clear away the coverings—or the "shock absorbers"—that familiar usage and pious association have wrapped around them; and when we get down to what they actually sounded like as they fell—or flashed—from His lips. One gifted writer on the life of Christ goes so far as to declare that were it not for the reverence that generally surrounds His sayings, they could be held up as a collection of the most striking epigrams of all time, and Christ Himself as the most brilliant wit Who ever lived.

He did not talk platitudes to His enemies—that much is certain. He would have lived a good deal longer on this earth than He did, had He been willing to confine His talk to pious platitudes in their regard.

His ringing denunciations, His biting irony, the brilliance and genius of His story telling, with its wealth of the richest, tenderest human feeling, and its stark realism; His magnificent claims for Himself and His dazzling promises for His followers; His absolute demand for loyalty and uncompromising devotion; His frightening, even lurid, threats to the weakling, the idler, the comfortable, the tempter, the betrayer, in short, His power and originality of expression in every kind of utterance mark Him off as unique among the users of human language.

Even the name He familiarly gave

Himself, the Son of Man or the Human Being, sounded strange and mysterious in the ears of the people of His day. "Who is this 'Son of Man'?" "Who is this 'Human Being'?" they finally asked Him in exasperation, after a particularly mystifying series of references to "the Human Being."

As Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, so must the Human Being be lifted up.

And when you shall have lifted up the Human Being, you shall know that I am He.

And I, if I be lifted up, shall draw all things to Myself.

Whatever might be said of language such as this, it is at the very least not to be called timid, colorless, unctious "preacher's pap". He actually seems to be comparing Himself to a serpent—not a very nice and complaisant comparison, even though the serpent He refers to, was the brazen serpent Moses once mysteriously put upon a rod to cure the Jewish people of the plague. Even so, what an extraordinary thing for a preacher to say! Who was He, what had He done, what was He ever likely to do (so His listeners might well have thought), that would give any meaning to wild talk like this? And then the daring tone of prophecy He assumed so easily, and the universal conquest He predicted with such calm assurance for Himself ("Does He think He is Alexander the Great or somebody?"):

I shall draw all things to Myself!

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Who is this "Human Being," indeed?

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air their nests, but the Human Being has not whereon to lay His head.

The Human Being has power on earth to forgive sins.

No man has ascended into heaven but He that descended from heaven, the Human Being Who is in heaven.

The Human Being must suffer many things, and be rejected, and be killed.

The Human Being shall send His angels, and they will gather up every harmful thing out of His Kingdom, and every evil-doer.

You shall see the sign of the Human Being in the sky.

Then shall all the tribes of the earth . . . see the Human Being coming on the clouds of heaven with great power and majesty.

The Father has given Him power to sit in judgment, because He is the Human Being.

What a list of characteristics! What strange combinations of the human and the divine, the lowly and the exalted; what seemingly irreconcilable features are given to this "Human Being"! He has not whereon to lay His head, but He has power on earth to forgive sins; and the angels of heaven are *His* angels; He must be rejected and be killed, but the whole world shall see the Human Being coming in the clouds of heaven with great power and majesty! He descended from heaven, but He is the Human Being Who is in heaven; and the Father has given Him power to judge the world precisely because He is the Human Being!

Yes, the Jews had good reason to be mystified and apprehensive, and to ask: "Who is this Human Being?" For Whoever He was, and whatever He is, He assuredly was no commonplace dispenser of platitudes; and even if His language had no other meaning than literary excellence, it still would be true that (as

the Jews said again) "never did man speak like this Man," least of all, when He was describing "the Human Being".

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air their nests, but the Human Being has not whereon to lay His head.

This is poetry, to be sure, and art of high degree. For "art" has been aptly described as "the power to make something out of nothing"; and here the Human Being takes two insignificant nothings from the world of nature—birds' nests and foxholes—and with a single stroke of genius, by the use of contrast, of irony, of poignant feeling, but with an absolute minimum of words, gives them meaning on an entirely different and higher plane.

There is certainly nothing of the unctious obvious platitude here; and if the words be taken in the setting in which they were spoken, their startling character becomes still more evident. They are, in fact, an instance of the Human Being's faculty for giving the unexpected answer, a thing at which He was a Master, and which He made use of time and again. On this particular occasion, one of the Scribes had come to Him with what seemed a very generous self-sacrificing offer:

Master, I will follow You anywhere You go!

Knowing the Human Being's love for such devotion, and how often He welcomed any sign of loyalty from any quarter whatsoever, the obvious answer one might naturally expect to hear Him make to this new sign of faith and fealty would be something gentle, welcoming, encouraging, grateful. Instead, it was nothing of the kind. Totally unexpected, apparently untouched by what the offer seemed to mean, laying down conditions, and extremely harsh conditions, of ac-

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ceptance, His reply rang out like a challenge instead of a welcome:

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air their nests; but the Human Being has not whereon to lay His head.

In other words: "Your offer is all very well, but I demand still more; you must follow Me on My conditions, not yours; you must be prepared not for glory and renown, but still greater sacrifice; I will not take you unless you, like Me, are prepared to have not whereon to lay your head!"

Then again, take His strange paradoxical statement:

The Human Being has power on earth to forgive sins.

The Scribes who were "sitting there" when He made this unprecedented claim were perfectly right in demanding:

Who can forgive sins but God only?

That is precisely the paradox: He was claiming for the Person Who was the Human Being a power that belonged to "God only"; and He proved that it belonged to "the Human Being"—in order that you may know that the Human Being has power on earth to forgive sins—by curing the man sick of the palsy! Unquestionably the claim was true; the same Person Who was God, was also the Human Being; and insofar as He was God, He did certainly have power on earth to forgive sins. But still the fact remains that it was a startling and paradoxical, and by no means a platitudinous thing for the Lord to come out boldly, without qualification or reserve, and declare:

The Human Being has power on earth to forgive sins.

One of the most mysterious references to the Human Being, however,

that came from the lips of Christ, is His description of the comings and goings of the Human Being from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven:

No man has ascended into heaven but He that descended from heaven, the Human Being Who is in heaven.

To say that this sentence is no platitude, is a considerable understatement. It is beyond the entire range—the whole obvious smug peaceful world—of platitude. Even as a piece of fanciful literature, it can hardly be regarded as the product of any ordinary mind. The one who spoke these words has even been described by some superficial readers of the Gospel, and by some students of Christianity who are determined at all costs to deny the divinity of its Founder, as a giddy madman with an untamed imagination and delusions of grandeur. But how can such readers or such students then explain the striking homely human features of the Human Being's character? His being so unconstrainedly at home with all the ordinary things of life? His preference for the ordinary people over the "stuffed shirts" and the "big shots" of His day? His unaffected love for little children? His general sane and realistic outlook, and His calm, unruffled mental balance, with its total lack of pettiness or any warped one-sidedness? The easy readiness with which He met every situation, however difficult, and His effortless mastery in confounding every plot and snare laid by His enemies?

No, this is no giddy madman, but the very King of sanity and reality!

And yet this eminently sane and practical Human Being gave utterance to those mysterious words:

No man has ascended into heaven but He that descended from heaven, the Human Being Who is in heaven.

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One might almost be tempted to wonder: If Our Lord wished to refer to these activities of His, so suggestive of His divinity, why did He choose to identify them not with His divine nature, but with "the Human Being"?

It can only be that He had a very special love for that name, "the Human Being". He was proud to be a human being—and well He might (we other human beings may venture to think), seeing the infinite distance He had to travel, and the wonders He had to work, in order to make the name His own!

And at the end of that infinite distance, culminating all the wonders He wrought in earthly human history, stand the scenes of the end of the world and the Last Judgment, described more magnificently than ever:

You shall see the sign of the Human Being in the sky.

He that shall be ashamed of Me and of My words in this adulterous and sinful generation, the Human Being shall be ashamed of him when He shall come in the glory of His Father with the holy angels.

And when the Human Being shall come in His majesty, and all the angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the seat of His majesty. And all nations shall be gathered together before Him, and He shall separate them one from another, as the shepherd separates the sheep from the goats.

The scenes themselves here described so masterfully are fearful to contemplate in their vividness and their implications for any human reader; but beyond that, what an unexpected and paradoxical combination they present of the human and the divine in the person of the Judge Himself!

A terrifying sign will appear in the sky, not merely an unusual heavenly phenomenon, some curious and interesting thing to see, but something to strike and wrench the hearts of all mankind,

and it will be the sign of the *Human Being!* The Judge will come upon the clouds, with His holy angels, in the glory of His Father, but this King of angels and Son of the Eternal Father will be *the Human Being!* He will divide forever the entire human race into its two absolutely final divisions, the good and the bad, the blessed and the damned, and He will do it as *the Human Being!*

Are not these things (we might be tempted to ask) the prerogatives of Christ as divine? Will He not have to draw upon His infinite wisdom to know and reveal the secrets of hearts, His incorruptible justice to pass sentence, and His irresistible omnipotence to carry it out? Why then this constant reference to "the Human Being"?

He Himself tells us why:

The Father has given Him power to sit in judgment, *because He is the Human Being!*

What a view of human history is contained in these words! The story of mankind is no mere series of haphazard events, of meaningless and unconnected marchings to and fro of "the human caravan". On the contrary, it is a well-planned drama; a story with a plot of divine inspiration; having its Hero—"the Human Being"—for whom every setting, every incident, every character in the story came to be; around Whom—for Him or against Him—every other human being took his place; by Whom, and only by Whom, they were saved, if they would accept the Human Being's salvation; and from Whom, in accordance with their acceptance or rejection of Him and His salvation, they are to receive their everlasting judgment!

The Father has given Him power to sit in judgment, *because He is the Human Being.*

Is Your Mind O. K.?

This article concludes the series on mental abnormalities and diseases.
It answers those who unscientifically relate religion to mental disease.

H. J. O'Connell

TWO QUITE contrary views on the relation of religion to mental health are discernible in modern agnostic and atheistic books on psychiatry.

On the one side can be found the psychiatrists who, while ignoring or rejecting the objective truth of religious ideas, consider religion to be a favorable influence for mental well-being. Such men acknowledge that religion makes the lives of vast numbers of people more endurable; that it gives comfort and hope in sorrow; that it supplies ideals, awakens visions of beauty, and opens avenues of sublimation. They praise the relaxing effect of prayer, and the "emotional catharsis" of the confessional. Broadmindedly, they point out the social benefits resulting from the doctrine of brotherly love, and own up to the fact that schools and hospitals are to a great extent the gift of the religious spirit.

Defenders of religion are gratified that this group of psychiatrists are, even though without personal conviction, working in the service of truth. Nevertheless, the position of such agnostics, friendly to religion, though unconcerned about its truth or falsity, without dogma or creed, for whom "one religion is as good as another," is based on a misunderstanding of the true nature of religion. It is the result of the pragmatic attitude to truth which colors so much of modern thinking, and which falsely considers religion to be the service of man, rather than the service of God. Religion is not merely a subjective human activity, to be accepted or rejected as its effects are judged to be good or bad for human

life. It consists primarily in the sum of those objective truths which express man's obligations to God, his Creator. Man would still owe God reverence, worship, and obedience, even though no benefits would accrue to himself from this service. Moreover, it would be well for these psychiatrists to recognize the fact that religion can exert its influence for good only if it be a sincere and abiding conviction. One cannot put religion on and off, like an old shoe, and expect it to be effective in the time of need.

On the other side are the psychiatrists who are quite frankly hostile to religion. They look upon it as the outgrowth of primitive or infantile ignorance and fear, formulated in groundless *tabus* and prohibitions, expressed in senseless obligatory rituals and symbolic practices. Religion, they assert, is a fertile source of nervous and mental disorders of various kinds. This attitude is very clearly stated in the program for mental hygiene of the Soviet Union:

"The fundamental point in mental hygiene is a complete separation of religious activity from education. Religious pre-occupation interferes in our opinion with other forms of cortical activity. It interferes with the development of the realistic point of view of life. It increases one's introspection, weakening the whole psychostability of the individual by substituting faith for a critical analysis of the environment. The struggle against the admixture of religion in education is one of the cardinal points in the mental hygiene movement in the Soviet Union."

Unfortunately, not only in Russia, but also in our own country there are not

a few psychiatrists who look upon religion from the same atheistic viewpoint. Their first preoccupation, as some openly avow, is to attempt to remove the religious convictions of the patients who apply to them for treatment.

This hostile attitude to religion is based, not on solid scientific grounds, but on prejudice as deep set as that of any religious fanatic, which refuses to consider the very evident proofs of God's existence and man's dependence upon Him. Indeed, the whole explanation put forth by these men of the origin of religious concepts is a fabric of the imagination, devoid of sound historical or philosophical proof. The purpose of this article is not to examine and refute such false assertions on the nature and origin of religious convictions, but to consider the accusations that are made against religion on the score of mental health.

Religion, such men assert, generates mental illness: 1) by its emphasis upon fear, especially the fear of hell; 2) by the feeling of guilt which it awakens; 3) by demanding the repression of certain fundamental drives of human nature, especially in the realm of sex; 4) by giving rise to doubts, worries, scruples, and anxieties of conscience. 5) Its pernicious influence, they say, is also evident from the fact that mental derangement is often associated with religious delusions and bizarre pietistic practices.

The assertion that religious teaching causes mental illness by emphasizing the motive of fear, in particular the fear of everlasting torment, is one of the stock charges leveled against religion by its opponents. In response, it can be pointed out, first of all, that since the existence of hell is a fact, indicated by reason and attested by countless passages of Scripture, man cannot prudently shut

it out of his consideration when formulating an attitude toward life. To say the very least, it is better to suffer the effects of fear in life and escape eternal punishment, than to go blithely into hell. Moreover, the precise role of fear in the religious outlook should be recognized. God holds forth the threat of punishment in order to protect man from sin, which is the greatest of all evils, and brings the most serious consequences. Indeed, the fear of hell can even be an antidote against mental illness in so far as it prevents evil conduct, e. g. drunkenness or sexual promiscuity, which would lead, not only to remorse, self-reproach, and other emotions harmful to mental health, but also in certain cases to physical and mental disease.

It is true that at times the motives of fear are excessively stressed by some religious teachers, to the exclusion of the balancing motives of confidence and love. But this is the fault of the particular teacher, not of religion itself. In the true religious plan of life, fear is only the beginning of wisdom. When it has done its work of conversion and safeguarding against relapse, it should yield to love. In this sense the Scriptures declare: "Love casts out fear." The religious soul does not walk in an atmosphere of gloom, nor look on God as a tyrant always on the watch to punish every minute deviation from absolute perfection. Once it has given itself sincerely to God, it basks in the sunshine of His love, trusting in His Fatherly wisdom and goodness. The spirit of the New Testament is not one of fear, but of peace and love. Thus, St. Paul writes: "You have not received the spirit of bondage in fear. But you have received the spirit of adoption of sons; whereby we cry Abba (Father)." Christ again and again tells His followers to banish

fear from their hearts: "It is I, fear not." "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" "Be not affrighted." "Let not your heart be troubled, nor let it be afraid." "Fear not, little flock." "Fear not, therefore; better are you than many sparrows."

Does religion awaken a sense of guilt? Certainly, in some cases it does. But a feeling of guilt when one has done wrong is normal, natural, and even salutary, as long as it is kept within the bounds of reason. The consciousness of guilt is the source from which repentance springs, the one avenue by which man can return to right conduct, and arrive at true peace. To tell a married man who is carrying on an affair with another woman, or a boy who is indulging in unnatural sex practices, that they should try to banish all sense of guilt, is merely to encourage them in a course of conduct contrary to morality. Indeed, the reason why some psychiatrists strive to banish all feeling of guilt from the lives of their patients is precisely because they themselves have lost all moral sense. Such men, as one recounts in his book, consider that they have reached a successful solution to a case of homosexuality if they manage to get the person to continue the homosexual actions, but without a sense of guilt! It is clear that there can be no discussion of this question with these men until the fundamental question of objective moral goodness and badness is decided.

Of course, the feeling of guilt, like almost everything else in human life, can become exaggerated and unreasonable. Thus, a man, even after having repented, confessed, and tried to repair the wrong he has done, may have a haunting remembrance of his sin, accompanied by a constant fear that he has not been forgiven. Or a girl who,

even against her will, has been sexually attacked, may feel that she is unworthy of marriage or of receiving Holy Communion. Such obsessions of guilt are irrational, and any sound religious teacher would advise the person to banish them from the mind. It is, however, quite a different matter to counsel the continuance of immoral actions, but to put off a sense of guilt. Advice of this kind, besides being immoral, is poor psychiatry. Conscience is deeply implanted in the human mind, and cannot be easily uprooted. There are certain actions which every normally intelligent person recognizes as wrong. The mere assurance of a psychiatrist that they are not so, is not going to banish this conviction. Advising them to continue such actions against conscience is only going to cause a continuation of the conflict, and result in even graver disorders. Far wiser would it be, to help the person overcome the vicious habit, and to open up for him paths of compensation and sublimation.

Even with relation to past sins, the message of religion is one of tranquility and peace to all who are of good will. Once a man has repented of his wrongdoing, and is sincerely resolved to amend, he should feel nothing but trust in the infinite Mercy of God. More than five thousand times in the Scriptures God mentions His Mercy to sinners. "As I live, I will not the death of the sinner, but that he be converted and live." "Though your sins be red as scarlet and numerous as the sands of the sea, they shall be made white as wool." To the sinners who knelt at His feet, Christ invariably spoke words of forgiveness and peace: "Be of good heart. Thy sins are forgiven. Go now and sin no more."

Religion is also accused of fostering mental disease by demanding the re-

pression of basic human instincts, chiefly that of sex. In answer to this accusation, it is necessary to point out that the word "repression" can be taken in two very different senses. It can mean a definite and clean-cut denial of a desire. In this sense, repression is inevitable in human life. It is impossible to satisfy all one's desires. They are often at war with one another, and with the personal, social, and religious standards which must control conduct. The man who would refuse to deny fulfillment to any of his desires would be a selfish, brutal, inhuman monster, unfit for life in society. Nor does the repression of desire in this sense, even of sexual desires, cause neurotic conditions. Those who assert that control of sex in accordance with higher ideals and religious principles causes mental disease simply do not face the facts. Both the American and British Medical Societies have gone on record as stating that non-use of sex, and even total abstinence from sex, does not result in physical or mental disease. Likewise, Dr. Verner Moore, after careful study, has shown that the incidence of insanity among priests and nuns, who lead a celibate life, is considerably less than among the general population. When sex problems are met clearly and decided definitely, they do not give rise to nervous disorders. On the contrary, there results strength, dignity, and maturity in the personality.

The term "repression" may also be used in the technical sense of burying the elements of an emotional conflict in the subconscious without settling the conflict. For example, a man beset with sexual temptations may be unwilling definitely to say "No!" to the temptation. He keeps it in mind, trifles with the idea of indulging it, and even fosters it by reading, looking at pictures, and

day-dreaming. On the other hand, his conscience, previous training, personal idealism, and religious convictions prevent him from yielding fully to the temptation. Tortured by the conflict, he attempts to divert his attention by plunging into various distracting activities. It is clear that as long as the conflict remains unsolved, and the battle goes on in his subconscious mind, the man will be a prey to uneasiness, anxiety, and tension. The condition may even lead to serious nervous and mental disorders. However, the fault in such a case is not with religious principles; but with the man himself, who refuses to live in accordance with conscience. And the solution is to be found, not in an indulgence in illicit sex practices, but in the firm decision to have done with them, and a sublimation of the lower desire in accord with higher principles.

It is asserted, too, that religion gives rise to doubts, worries, and scruples. This subject has been treated in an earlier article of this series. Hence, it will be sufficient here to point out that such doubts, worries, and anxieties are not due directly to religious teaching, but result either from lack of emotional balance in the individual, or from a mistaken idea of the demands of religion. Some persons have a constitutional predisposition to anxiety. If they were not worried about religious matters, they would be anxious about the state of their health, gray hair, or taxes. It would be no more reasonable to eliminate religion because some abnormal individuals become excessively worried about it, than to do away with taxes because many men's blood pressure rises just before March 15th. Misunderstanding of religious truths, which causes a person to look upon God as a tyrant ever ready to cast one into hell, or

which imposes obligations beyond human strength to fulfill can, it is true, cause neurotic conditions because of the strain on the individual. But again, the remedy is to be found, not in the elimination of religion from life; but in correcting faulty notions concerning it.

A final argument against religion is advanced from the fact that religious delusions, fanaticism, and bizarre pietistic practices are found in some patients who are mentally deranged. Such persons lament that they have committed "the unpardonable sin," that they will be damned forever. They sometimes believe themselves to be prophets sent by God, or perhaps simply stand in front of the church on Sunday morning, praying with outstretched arms before a statue. However, because religion is at times associated with insanity does not mean that it is the cause of insanity. When a man has lost control over his faculties, he may form delusions with regard to any aspect of life, including the religious. The particular form his delusion takes will be determined largely by the circumstances, and his previous life-history. No reasonable person would advocate the doing away with politics because some victims of insanity have the delusion that they are political leaders. Nor should court-buildings be destroyed because some men have a mania for law-suits. So, too, it is unreasonable to advocate the removal of religion from human life because some deranged minds are preoccupied with religious matters.

The psychiatrist who has adopted an attitude hostile to religion would do well to review his premises in order to

discover whether they rest on truly scientific grounds, or are the result of prejudice, which as a man of science he should be the first to deplore. Even from a purely practical standpoint, it should be recognized that, as Dr. William A. White, the noted psychiatrist, declared: "The patient has to live with his religious principles and with the members of his family after the psychiatrist discharges him. If the psychiatrist attempts to attack the patient's religion and succeeds in having him lay it aside and live in conflict with its principles, he will in the long run create more problems for the patient than he will solve."

The psychiatrist, as Dr. Menninger admits, "cannot assume to be the final authority on telling people how to live." He is a man of science, and should confine himself within the limits of science, without going beyond the bounds into religion and philosophy, which require deep thought and long training. In his work with the mentally deranged he will do well to accept the assistance of religion, which gives the ultimate interpretation of human life, and is the most potent source of mental peace. For peace is "the tranquility of order." But it is religion that introduces order into human life, subjecting the lower tendencies of man to reason and will, and the reason and will to God. The truly religious man enjoys, even in the midst of the pains and conflicts of life, a tranquility of mind and heart which no ministrations of science can give; but which comes from God, Whose Providence is the principle of all order, and hence of all true and lasting peace.



Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

On the Use of the Radio

It must be granted that the invention of the radio has been a great blessing for shut-ins. Voices tuned to strike softly from the loudspeaker on the ears of those confined bring them a comforting sense of human companionship with the outer world. Artistic musical programs, news broadcasts, religious and dramatic presentations, can all take the mind of one disabled from his own troubles and even stir the soul to happiness and inspiration.

However, there are a few rules that may be suggested to shut-ins as means of keeping the radio from becoming a danger, or at least a drawback, to the welfare of their minds and souls. Like all good things, the radio can be abused; indeed, the ease with which one can flip a dial and permit sounds to emerge, makes the radio about the easiest thing in the world to abuse. Even well people should be conscious of this fact.

The first rule that shut-ins should observe in regard to the radio is not to slip into the habit of having it turned on during every wakeful and conscious moment of the day and night. One can permit one's mind to become paralyzed and one's power to think and pray to atrophy completely by never freeing oneself from the sound of the voices of others or the blaring of music. There are perfectly healthy people who feel lost if they do not hear a radio dinning in their ears at all times. Solitude, the growing ground of the spirit, has become impossible for them to bear. The shut-in, despite even greater opportunity, should not fall into the same evil.

The second rule is that programs should be wisely and carefully selected. A steady diet of the kind of modern music that seems to constitute about two-thirds of current radio programs is bad for anybody; it will surely contribute an inexplicable restlessness to the shut-in. One or the other "soap opera" will not be too harmful, if it be remembered that these provide about the lowest form of escapism known to man and are nothing short of atrocities in the way of art. Religious ceremonies and sermons, the better musical programs, and a few of the top humorous half hours may profitably be on the list for the shut-in's instruction, entertainment and relief. Added to all this, a few news programs will keep him in touch with things going on in the world. The important point is that selections should be made beforehand, so as not to fall into the habit of just turning on the radio and letting it run.

The third rule is that the radio should not be permitted to exclude reading from the shut-in's program, if reading is possible at all. The moment a person gives up reading entirely in behalf of listening, his mental and character development slows almost to a standstill. Reading good books is an easy form of study and meditation and profitable recreation; it should have a place in the life of every shut-in, as indeed, of every human being, who can give time to it.



Side Glances

By the Bystander

Time magazine has undertaken a huge, international project whose purpose is, according to a letter sent to inform us about it, "to define the great areas of misunderstanding, difference of opinion and actual conflict that exist" among the nations banded together under the European Relief Program and in the United States. The project takes the form of a questionnaire that is being presented to thousands of citizens of these various countries through the polling organization of Elmo Roper. *Time* has sent us a sample of the questionnaire being put to Americans and asks that we fill it out and then check our own answers against the general averages as they will be published (or have been published) in *Time*. It also asks that we reproduce the questionnaire and sample the reactions of some of our own readers. We have done neither. We respect the excellent efforts and expensive methods *Time* is using to bring people's minds together. But the questionnaire has the customary faults of being oversimplified, subject to various interpretations, and unanswerable by intelligent people unless definitions and distinctions are first laid down.

The first question on the list is innocuous enough. It asks: "If you could not live in the United States, what country would be your second choice as a place to live?" It may be interesting to learn what percentages of people in the United States lean toward what countries as alternative homelands, but we doubt that it will prove anything as to the merits of any specific country; too many human and individual factors enter into a statement of choice. The second question on the list, however, is crammed with points that need clarification. It asks: "Do the people of the United States have the following rights to a satisfactory degree today: 1) The right to say or write what one believes without fear of punishment? 2) The right to work at any job one chooses? 3) Protection from unreasonable interference by police? 4) The right to vote in a fair and free election to decide who shall govern the country? 5) The right to private ownership of business?" Scarce-

ly one of these questions is answerable by a simple Yes or No; and all of them together do not touch on the fundamental issue of democracy as we shall point it out later on.

Take the questions one by one and consider some of the complications that are involved. 1) Do all Americans possess the right to say or write what they believe without fear of punishment? The first reaction of the intelligent "pollee" to this question is to ask whether there exists any due right thus broadly stated. Even in America we have libel laws, obscenity laws, security laws, treason laws and conspiracy laws—all limiting a man's right to say or write what he believes and subjecting him to punishment if he breaks them. How can one say categorically that we have or want to have a right that nullifies all such laws? Coming to the point of fact, and granting for the moment that the question meant to say "the right to say or write anything not unreasonably harmful to others or to the common good," we find ourselves asking whether the question means "Do we have the theoretical right to say what we believe" or "Do we have this right in a practical and effective way?" Of course anyone can say what he pleases in his home or at a fraternity meeting, and he can write what he believes on a back fence, if he owns the fence. Even this, contrasted with countries that have had Gestapos and OGPU's, is a great right indeed. But can anybody in America go to a radio station and demand a half hour of radio time to air his views? Can he insert an article proclaiming his beliefs in any newspaper, apart from the "letters from readers" column, which, in large dailies, prints but a small percentage of letters received and exercises considerable editorial choice in so doing? Only recently we read of a State University professor who was dropped from the teaching staff because he proved to his class that oleomargarine was as nutritious as butter, thus offending the dairy interests. Msgr. John A. Ryan told this writer, some years before his death, that Catholic University was offered a huge donation by an industrialist on condition that

it would stop his lectures on social justice. (Catholic U. did not accept the donation, but similar offers have been made to and accepted by secular schools.) All these factors come to mind when one is asked to set down a simple Yes or No to the question: "Do all Americans have the right to say or write what they believe without fear of punishment?" It cannot be done.

The second right is subject to the same twofold confusion. 2) "Do all Americans have the right to work at any job they choose?" No one can put pencil to paper to answer that without giving serious thought to the whole intricate problem of employers' right to hire and fire, and of working men's right to union and closed shops. What an individual chooses to do for a living may conflict with the rights of those who may or may not need or desire his services, and it may conflict with the rights of other organized men justly to defend themselves from exploitation. The Popes, those champions of all human rights, seem to favor some form of union shop, which always limits the right of individual men to work at any job they choose for the sake of protecting the rights of all workers to a living wage. The N. A. M. hates the union shop because it limits their right to pay individual men whatever they please. In the practical order, if a man wants to be a banker, must he be permitted to start a bank, even though there is already a bank on every corner of his city? There are good laws that will stop him. If a man wants to run a tavern, must he be permitted to do so, though a legally established limit of the number of taverns in an area has been reached? One is almost tempted to think that the framers of this question of rights had an axe to grind; the literature of the N. A. M. is filled with references to the "sacred right of a man to choose his own job" as a propaganda weapon against unions.

3) "Does every American have the right to protection from unreasonable interference from the police?" Theoretically, this question is fairly well phrased, but practically it raises a host of problems. What is "unreasonable" interference? Great corporations cry "murder" when authorities with police power interfere with their monopolistic practices. Are there objective standards of what is reasonable and unreasonable? What are they? 4) "Do the people in the United States have the right to vote in a fair and free election to decide who shall govern the country?" The Ameri-

can Constitution, Bill of Rights, and practically all political oratory assume that this right is universal. But it isn't. Some are "legally" restrained because of their color or because of their poverty. Even federal legislators have recently been trying to perpetuate the disfranchisement of millions of American citizens. 5) "Do all the people of the United States have the right to private ownership of business?" The answer of the naive to this question would be a quick "yes," and would probably quote word for word the propaganda of the old liberty-leaguers, the Hoover rugged individualists and the current worshippers of unlimited "private enterprise." "Every American can own American business," they would say, "by buying shares in General Motors, A. T. & T., Standard Oil, etc., or by starting a corner grocery store, or by working his way, through study and toil, from office boy to the presidency of a company." Theoretically, this makes good talk. But one who has read Hilaire Belloc's "Servile State" is inclined to wonder just how real this right is to millions who have been forced into a hand-to-mouth existence by the very make-up of the economic society which has absorbed them. Or, to draw from an American source, one has only to read the figures set down by the impartial Brookings Institute as to the amount of income necessary for decent living, and then to look up the amounts on which millions of Americans are trying to live, to learn that these Americans, no matter what their theoretical "rights," have neither ownership nor the possibility of achieving it. A right impossible to exercise is no right at all. How can one say Yes or No to the question of whether all Americans have the right to private ownership of business?

Many of the other questions on the questionnaire hinge on the above. For example: "Ten years from now do you think the people of the United States are likely to have each of the above listed rights in a satisfactory degree?" Who wants to be a prophet? Who will state what "satisfactory" means? Satisfactory to whom, and by what standards? The question is probably meant to find out, and should have been stated thus, whether people think there is a trend toward the denial of certain rights that may bear ripe fruit in ten years' time. But the whole thing seems foolish to us because no question is asked to find out whether people know what a right is, whence it comes, what gives it force, whether there are any sanctions to protect it,

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whether rights can be separated from duties. Here, therefore, are a few of the questions that we should like to see presented to a cross section of Americans, because the answers would point out exactly how weak is our democracy, no matter what lip service we pay it: 1) Do you believe that there are such things as inalienable human rights, i.e., rights which no human beings, in any capacity or with any degree of authority, may take away from other human beings? 2) Do you believe in any authority outside of and above the human race, above all government and

human authority, from whom inalienable human rights come to individuals? 3) Do you believe that there is any sanction for human rights, i.e., that they who deprive human beings of their rights will be punished and they who are deprived of their rights will ever have justice? 4) If you believe in a supreme author of human rights, what rights would you list as coming to individuals from Him? Through the answers of average people to these questions, one could find out truly who stands on the side of democracy, and of the angels.

Ushers

It will be of interest to legions of hard-working ushers in our parish churches to learn that ushering as a fine art and science is now taught as a separate branch of learning at the Municipal University of Omaha, Nebraska. Professor Everett M. Hosman occupies the chair, and 1,000 men have received the mythical sheepskin as measuring up to his rigid standards. We aren't in a position to pass judgment on the value of the course as a whole, but we do think there is considerable food for thought in the following fundamental rules which the professor calls to the attention of all ushers in all circumstances:

1. Don't be gushy with worshippers.
2. Don't carry cigars, pencils, or a red handkerchief in your breast pocket.
3. Don't use perfume—it spoils the perfume of others.
4. Don't overlook a friendly greeting to the visitor. (Catholic ushers in church will, of course, be content with a nod or a smile.)
5. Don't slight the "bum".
6. Don't paw the women.
7. Don't separate husband and wife.
8. Don't duck out when the minister begins the sermon. You need it.

Turkish Sayings

He that speaks the truth must have one foot in the stirrup.
The nest of a blind bird is made by God.
The bear that is hungry never dances.
Every fish that escapes appears larger than it is.
He that eats does not know how much is consumed; but he that carves knows very well.

The Measure of a Man

Not—"How did he die?"
But—"How did he live?"
Not—"What did he gain?"
But—"What did he give?"
Not—"What was his station?"
But—"Had he a heart?"
And—"How did he play
His God-given part?"

These are the units to measure the worth
Of a man as a man, regardless of birth.



Catholic Anecdotes

Pedagogue

The early missionaries in this country, preaching to the Indians, found it difficult to put into their own language in a way that they could understand the truths of the faith. No method of accomplishing this was more ingenious than the one used by Father Demers, who worked in the Pacific northwest in the first half of the nineteenth century.

This missionary began by selecting a long, straight stick, and on this stick he proceeded to cut a series of mysterious notches and dots.

When he was fully prepared, he assembled his Indian congregation, and proceeded to explain what he had done.

"Here are forty notches in a row," he said, "and each of them stands for a century before Christ. After the forty notches, you see thirty-three small dots, representing the years of Christ on earth. Following this, I have cut eighteen notches and thirty-nine dots for the years after Christ until the present time."

While the Indians watched him in fascination, he then proceeded to build up in their minds the idea of Christianity and what it had accomplished for men.

The Indians took very readily to the idea, and christened the stick the "ahale" or "stick from above." Soon those who had been converted began to make sticks of their own, improving upon the original idea so as to turn out very artistic products, with lines and dots painted upon buffalo skins and highly ornamented. They used these in speaking to other Indians about their faith, and soon all over the northwest Ahale sticks could be found.

Unafraid

From the *Medical Missionary* comes this touching little story of Qureisha, a 21-year-old girl who was a patient in Holy Family Hospital, Patna, India. The poor girl was a victim of creeping paralysis which had deprived her of the ability to move even her hand, but she caused admiration in all by her constant patience and cheerfulness.

One day another patient, an old lady, died suddenly and under rather distressing and frightening circumstances. The nurses had no time to put a screen around her bed, as was usually done when a patient was dying, so the others in the ward saw her die.

Later one of the Sisters asked the girl:

"Were you not upset at what you saw?"

"Not at all," was the reply. "Why should I be? We all have to die sooner or later, and we are in the hands of Allah at all times. When it is His will, we die. What better thing could happen to us?"

Rest Later

When the friends of St. John Bosco urged him not to work so hard, pointing out that he would surely injure his health if he did not slow up his activities, he was wont to say:

"The Lord so made me that work, instead of fatiguing me, is a source of recreation."

"But you should rest and sleep more than you do."

"Rest!" the saint would reply good-humoredly. "I will have plenty of time to rest later on, when I am about a mile above the moon."



Pointed Paragraphs

Achievement By Letter

The following two letters represent an actual exchange of correspondence between a Catholic father of a family and the president of a large company:

Dear Sir:

I note with regret your continued policy of using indecent pictures on your firm's annual calendars. It has gone on for some years and I have finally decided to write to you and ask, in the name of decency, that you do something about it.

Undoubtedly the pictures you have been using on the calendars do not trouble you in any way, and they don't bother me because as soon as they come in the mail I destroy them. I suppose you are careful to see to it that they do not fall into the hands of impressionable youth, but how do you know where they go after they leave your hands? Let's suppose some moral degenerate sees this latest picture you have used and is thereby incited or encouraged to go out and commit some terrible sex crime on an innocent person. I'm sure you would feel like lynching such a person, but what about the man who supplies the spark?

Naturally calendars of this kind must be kept in back rooms and dark hallways because they can't stand the light of day or the presence of decent people. No right thinking man would put this picture up in his main office where he himself might offend the sensibilities of his customers. The result is that he must hide what might be a very valuable piece of advertising in a back room.

Surely you are a good enough business man to want to get the most out of your advertising dollar.

Your company has a very good reputation for fair dealing with employees and the public. Your products are top-notch; I know, because I use them. But please, can't we improve your advertising?

Sincerely,
N. N.

Dear Mr. - - - -

I very much appreciate your letter of recent date and also appreciate the fact that you had the courage to write me about this matter.

I do have a grandson aged nine and a granddaughter aged three. Both of them are the pleasure and joy of my wife and myself.

I have never considered our calendar from the angle you have presented in your letter, but there is no argument; you are right. I do not want a calendar carrying the name of my company to spoil the morals of my grandchildren or to be the spark that could cause anyone to commit an indecent act.

The 1949 calendar, if there is one, will be one that I can put under the grandson's arm and say, "Take it along to your teacher with my compliments."

Again thanking you for bringing this matter to my attention, I am

Yours Sincerely
M. M.

Pugilist's Dream School

In an interview recently published by *Extension Magazine* the well-known ex-

heavyweight champion, Jack Dempsey, expressed himself very forcibly as to why he, a non-Catholic, was insisting upon a Catholic education for his two daughters:

"I looked at it this way. Here in the United States we have the best educational system in the world. We spend a fortune on our buildings, our football set-ups, our laboratories, our fraternity and sorority houses. If you want to be a fine dentist, a lawyer or business man, we are tops. No need to go abroad where many of the faculty members of the older schools have been wiped out in the war and other famed colleges are flat broke or bombed into rubble. Today we have the best laboratories, if you want to become a chemist. We turn out atom bomb experts. We can make you a great engineer. If you are a boy or a girl and you live outside the United States, it is safe to say you would want to come here to be educated. Okay. Now I am talking about the great public schools. Now I wish you would show me in the curriculum of any of those schools where they teach right from wrong. Where do they guarantee you a good set of ethics? I want to see the classrooms and the teachers who teach you to be decent, kind, gentle, humble, modest and clean, inside and out.

"You are going to have a tough time coming up with such a school. I couldn't find any. Some schools don't want to 'offend' other races or religions, so they just ignore the whole thing and concentrate on turning out doctors, lawyers, engineers and so on. That's not for me. That's why I picked a Catholic school. I want to see a little education for the soul as well as for the mind. I see a fellow with a Phi Beta Kappa key. I know his mind is okay. But what kind of a guy is he in his heart? Can I trust him? Is he honest? Is he decent? They don't seem to give keys for that anywhere. It just says that when you graduate you are a lawyer. It doesn't say you are an honest lawyer. Some of the best and slickest shysters I know led their class. They should be in jail. A lot of them are. But so far as I could see, tracing their classroom schedules, nobody along the line tried to tell them or teach them that there are certain things a decent lawyer does and certain things he doesn't do, no matter how much he can make doing them. Understand what I'm trying to say?"

It's plain enough, as Dempsey puts it, and we only wish that a good many parents, including some Catholic ones, would do some pondering on his words.

Pidgin English

Missionaries working in New Guinea have compiled catechisms and prayer books in that curious conglomeration of languages spoken by the coastal natives and called Pidgin English. Here are the titles of some of the Stations of the Cross, as transcribed by the *Techny Seminary Notes*:

Him He fall down here. (Third Station)

Here Mama belong him he comes up now cry along him. (Fourth Station)

Here one fellow-man, all he call him Simon, him helpim carry-him kruse. (Fifth Station)

Here he look-him all-Mary he cry, now He talk good along all. (Eighth Station)

Here all he nail him along kruse. (Eleventh Station)

All he take him down body belong him. (Thirteenth Station)

All he plantim him here. (Fourteenth Station)



Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

History of Heresies

Chapter XIV. Heresies of the 16th Century

1. Heresy of Luther:

The sixteenth century was a century of heresies, the sink into which flowed all previous heresies. The leader of all these heresies was the famous Luther. But it was the learned Dutch scholar, Erasmus, who, according to many authors, was Luther's precursor: "Erasmus sowed the seed, Luther reaped the harvest."

Born in Rotterdam, Holland, of illegitimate birth, Erasmus, while still a young man, entered the Order of Canons Regular of St. Augustine. He made his religious profession, but, tiring of the regularity of religious observance, obtained a dispensation from his vows and returned to the life of the world. Erasmus was well-versed in Latin and Greek letters, and would surely have been of invaluable service to the world had he limited himself to the study of the humanities. But he preferred to treat of theological doctrines, interpret Sacred Scripture, and even criticize the works of the Fathers of the Church. This preference led one author to exclaim of him: "The more books he published, the more errors did he accumulate." Erasmus lectured at many Universities, acquiring for himself a great reputation as a man of letters; but in matters of faith, his doctrine was so full of obscurity that he had frequently to defend himself against charges of heresy.

A lively debate arose at this time between the rhetoricians and theologians. Rhetoricians reproached theologians for their ignorance and barbarity of expression, while the theologians, in their turn, accused the rhetoricians of an improper and profane choice of terms in explaining the divine mysteries. Erasmus placed himself at the head of these rhetoricians, and excelled in turning both the expressions and the arguments of theologians to ridicule. Although many authors accused Erasmus of heresy, it must be said in his defense that he maintained, during his life, the esteem and friendship of many Sovereign Pontiffs. While not a good Catholic, he was nevertheless not a heretic. He always submitted his writings to the judgment of the Church and resisted all the efforts of Luther and Zwingli to win him over to their side. Erasmus died at Basle in 1536 at the age of seventy.

While Germany was thus torn by disputes, a Brief was promulgated by Pope Leo X in 1513, which leads us to speak of Luther.

Martin Luther was born in 1483 at Eisleben, Saxony, of parents of low estate. So many souls were led to their eternal damnation through his influence that many authors suggest that the devil himself intervened in his birth. However that may be, Luther himself mentions specific instances of the influence

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of the devil over the course of his life.

After his early training in the humanities, Luther entered the University of Erfurth in Thuringia, where, at the age of 20, he received the degree of Master of Arts. While applying himself to the study of philosophy and law, there occurred a chance event which influenced the remainder of his life. Luther was walking in the fields one day when one of his companions was struck by lightning and fell dead at his feet. Under the influence of fear, rather than piety, the young man, thinking himself to have been the cause of his companion's death, made a vow to take the monastic habit. He fulfilled this vow in 1504, at the age of 22, entering the Order of Hermits of Saint Augustine at the convent at Erfurth. In this he surprised his friends and parents, who, up to that time, had not noticed the faintest spark of piety in their friend and son.

Luther's career in Erfurth, however, was short-lived. He found it impossible to submit himself to the exercises of humility practised by the monks, and was moved from the monastery and university in 1508. From Erfurth, Luther went to Wittemberg, the seat of a newly established university, and was there created professor of philosophy. At the age of 33 he was also made a Doctor of Theology, a promotion which he received because of his friendship with Frederick, Elector of Saxony.

It was at this time that Pope Leo X, desiring to create a fund for the completion of the Church of St. Peter's begun by Julius II, delegated Cardinal Albert, archbishop and elector of Mayence, to publish a Brief in virtue of which many indulgences would be granted to those who contributed to the cause by their alms. The Archbishop

confided the publication of these indulgences to the celebrated Dominican professor and preacher, John Tetzel.

These proceedings displeased John Staupitz, vicar-general of the Augustinians. He took advantage of the good graces of the Duke of Saxony and commissioned Luther to preach against the abuse of these Indulgences. Luther set himself immediately to fulfill the commission. It is true that certain excesses were committed in collecting alms, to the great scandal of the people. But while declaiming against the abuses Luther soon found himself preaching against the validity of indulgences themselves. In a letter to the Archbishop of Mayence, Luther exaggerated the errors of those who were preaching the indulgences. The preachers, he claimed, were teaching that indulgences remitted not only the punishment due to sin, but the guilt of sin itself. At the end of the letter he added a number of "theses" attempting to prove that the doctrine on indulgences was very doubtful. Not content with having sent his theses to the prelate, he had them affixed to the door of the Church in Wittemberg, had them printed and spread throughout all Germany, and even had them defended publicly by his pupils at the University.

Father Tetzel responded to these theses at Frankfort and took up the defense of the doctrine of the Church. Moreover, since he occupied the office of Inquisitor of the Faith, he declared the propositions heretical. Informed of this turn of events, Luther responded with great insolence. It was from the resultant discussions that all Germany was inflamed and a spark was struck in the neighboring countries of Denmark, Norway and Sweden.



Conducted by T. Tobin

CATHOLIC AUTHOR OF THE MONTH

Prince Hubertus Zu Loewenstein, 1906-

I. Life:

Hubertus was born at Schoenwoerth Castle in Tyrol on October 14, 1906. He was a member of the ancient royal family of Bavaria. Although his branch of the family was mainly Protestant, his grandparents had become converts to the Church and hence he was baptized a Catholic. His father was an officer of the German army and his mother was an Englishwoman, the youngest daughter of Lord Pirbright. Hubertus' early education was received from private tutors and public gymnasia in Austria. The Prince studied law and political science at the Universities of Hamburg, Geneva and Berlin. The degree of Doctor of both civil and canon law was given him by the University of Hamburg in 1931. In 1929 he married Helga Maria von Schulenburg. After 1930 the Prince was very active in German politics and endeavored to support the Weimar Republic against the twin evils of Nazism and Communism. He was a leader in Republican and Catholic youth movements. His activities and writings caused him to be banned from Germany when Hitler came into power. Before the war he had visited the United States several times, and made his home in New Jersey during the war. Since 1937 he has lectured under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. In 1946 he and his wife and two daughters returned to Germany. The Prince is working for the reconstruction of Germany and serving as a correspondent for the International News Service.

II. Writings:

Most of the writings of the Prince have been written in English. For his work he has been made a member of the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors. His books fall into two distinct classes: political and fictional.

The political writings began with his doctorate thesis: *"A Comparison between Fascist and Democratic Constitutional Law. The Tragedy of a Nation: Germany 1918-1934, and After Hitler's Fall* were concerned with the future of his country.

Two volumes of memoirs have been published: *Conquest of the Past* and *On Borrowed Peace*.

III. The Book:

In his novels the Prince has turned to the history of the past, though not unmindful of the lessons of the past for the present. He has written a trilogy of the days following upon the Crucifixion. These novels are noted for great historical accuracy in their details. Recourse to original documents has revealed many intimate details about the daily lives of these past ages. *The Child and the Emperor* and the *Lance of Longinus* are the first two books of the trilogy. The Third novel, *The Eagle and the Cross*, is the story of Macrius of Armagh. Macrius journeys to Rome with the Lance of Longinus as a present to the Emperor. He expects that Christ will be admitted into the Pantheon and that the Roman Empire will accept the Christian religion. The novel ends on a note of optimism that the Cross will finally conquer the Eagle.

The Life of Grace

Life Abundant. By A. A. Arami. Translated from the fourth French edition by Reverend Joseph A. Fredette. 266 pp. New York: Frederick Pustet Co. \$3.00.

Marvels of Grace. By Victor Many, S.S. Translated from the French by Albert D. Talbot, S.S. 88 pp. Milwaukee: Bruce Co. \$1.75.

The grandeur of sanctifying grace is little understood. Many non-Catholics despise it as something unnecessary and unnatural. Many Catholics think of sanctifying grace as the mere absence of mortal sin. In recent years Catholic authors have turned to an exposition of the positive realities of grace. These two books have undertaken to recall, in the words of Monsignor Sheen in the preface to *Life Abundant*, that "the objective of grace is to elevate man to a participation in the Divine Nature of a Personal God, so that he may obtain the heritage of heaven as a child of God."

Life Abundant is the more popular of these books on grace. Anecdotes and apt comparisons bring the doctrine within the grasp of the ordinary Catholic. The emphasis is on making grace a definite way of living. It is not a theoretical but a practical book, although there is no weakening of the doctrinal content of the book. The first thirteen chapters explain the nature and the various effects of grace, while the remainder of the book is devoted to outlining the ways of preserving, increasing, and regaining the *Life Abundant*. An appendix suggests three possible outlines of conferences for a three days' retreat. This is recommended to all Catholics, clerical and lay.

The Marvels of Grace is a more compact and scholarly work. The ten chapters furnish an outline of the doctrine of grace. This book was first published 14 years ago, and has now been reissued. It is the fruit of retreat conferences given by the author. The book does not possess the wealth of anecdotes such as is found in the first book. *The Marvels of Grace* is thoughtful reading for the preacher and for the educated Catholic during the time of a retreat.

Meditations for the Religious

The Prayer Life of a Religious. By Reverend Peter A. Resch, S.M., S.T.D. 665 pp. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$6.00.

The School of the Lord's Service. By Reverend Bernard A. Sause, O.S.B. 517 pp. St. Meinrad: The Grail. \$4.00.

These two books are the result of conferences originally given to two religious communities, the Society of Mary and the Order of St. Benedict. In their present form the primary appeal of both will be to these two groups, although other religious will derive profit and inspiration from their use.

The Prayer Life of a Religious is composed of twenty series of meditations, with each section having ten meditations. The basic virtues and obligations of the religious life are considered in the reflections. The meditations are very practical and penetrating in their application to daily life. One of the series consists of reflections on the daily exercises of piety. Naturally, the sources proper to the Society of Mary are heavily drawn upon. Many of the reflections are devoted to the imitation of the virtues of Mary. *The Prayer Life of a Religious* is a well-written book of meditations on the fundamentals of religious life.

The School of the Lord's Service is the first volume of a lengthy verbal commentary on the Rule of St. Benedict. Its author has spent many years in collecting and arranging the material of this book. The three volumes of this series will outline a meditation for each day of the year. Volume One offers considerations on Vocation, Obedience, Humility and Charity for the first four months of the year. Each chapter is composed of a consideration, points of the examen of conscience, and a practical application. The meditations are well worked out. Religious of other communities will find solid matter for reflection in this volume, but its greatest value will be for those who follow the Benedictine Rule.

Catholic Indian Missions of South Dakota

Crusading Along Sioux Trails. By Sister Mary Claudia Durateschek, O.S.B. 334 pp. St. Meinrad: The Grail. \$4.00.

This is a very well documented study of the Catholic efforts in behalf of the Sioux. The author has had access to the primary sources of information. Legend suggests that Bishop Eric of Greenland preached to the Sioux in 1120, but the first historical contact with the "black robes" dates from the time of the French Canadian missionaries. The

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book continues to tell the history of the Catholic missions from the days of Father De Smet and Bishop Marty to the present day. 35,075 baptisms testify to the success of the zeal of these missionaries. The early chap-

ter on the Indian policy of the Government throws light not only on the treatment of the Sioux but also of other tribes. Sister Mary Claudia has written a very authentic and readable book.

Best Sellers

A Moral evaluation of current books, published at the University of Scranton.

I. Suitable for general reading:

The Calculated Risk—*Armstrong*
 My Book About God—*Bedier*
 The Betty Betz Party Book—*Betz*
 France Alive—*Bishop*
 Button, Button—*Bramhall*
 Last Year's Blood—*Branson*
 A Report on Germany—*Brown*
 The Sea and the States—*Bryant*
 Three Generations—*Burton*
 The Hour of Spring—*Deasy*
 The Dixie Frontier—*Dick*
 World Communism Today—*Ebon*
 The Sugarplum Staircase—*English*
 It's Greek To Me—*Ethridge*
 The United Nations—*Evatt*
 Jim Farley's Story—*Farley*
 Hollywood Merry-Go-Round—*Hecht*
 With Love, Peter—*Hollis*
 Washington Cavalcade—*Hurd*
 The School of the Cross—*Kane*
 The Great Tradition—*Kerwin*
 Americans From Hungary—*Lengyel*
 Philosophy Without Tears—*Little*
 Bourke Cockran, A Free Lance in American Politics—*McGurkin*
 The Temple of the Spirit—*Mehan*
 Heritage of Freedom—*Monaghan*
 The Overland Trail—*Monaghan*
 Tales from Ireland—*Murphy*
 Defeat in the West—*Shulman*
 Drop One, Carry Four—*Sinclair*
 Never by Chance—*Tate*
 The Great Rehearsal—*Van Doren*
 Ideas Have Consequences—*Weaver*

II. Suitable for adults only because of:

A. Contents and style too advanced for adolescents:

The Russian Idea—*Berdyayev*
 Flight Into Darkness—*Clark*
 Across the Wide Missouri—*De Voto*
 James and Joan—*Freemantle*
 The Apocalypse of St. John—*Lonertz*
 Viper's Tangle—*Mauriac*
 Golden Multitudes—*Mott*
 The Good Pagan's Failure—*Murray*
 Cry, The Beloved Country—*Paton*

Report on Palestine

To Secure These Rights
 The Professor's Umbrella—*Ward*
 The Strong Room—*Wheelwright*
 The Ides of March—*Wilder*

B. Immoral incidents which do not invalidate the book as a whole:

The Path of Thunder—*Abrahams*
 The Steep Places—*Angell*
 In Henry's Backyard—*Benedict*
 The Baby Lamb—*Boley*
 A Moment of Need—*Coombs*
 The Years of Pilgrimage—*Davis*
 Transfer Point—*Forbes*
 The Cry of Dolores—*Gorman*
 Ten O'Clock Scholar—*Holmes*
 The Great Blizzard—*Idell*
 The Great Ones—*Ingersoll*
 The Growth of Physical Science—*Jeanes*
 Valiant Lady—*Knight*
 Eagle in the Sky—*Mason*
 Bodies and Souls—*Meersch*
 The Silent People Speak—*St. John*
 The Gift of Life—*Woodward*

III. Unsuitable for general reading but permissible for discriminating adults:

Other Voices, Other Rooms—*Capote*
 The Stubborn Wood—*Harvin*
 Raintree Country—*Lockridge*
 The Queen's Physician—*Maass*

IV. Not recommended to any class of readers:

The Boiling Point—*Brooks*
 The Golden Sleep—*Connell*
 Lily Henry—*Cooper*
 Mary Donovan—*Downes*
 Clovis—*Fessier*
 The Gilded Hearse—*Gorhan*
 Eagle At My Eyes—*Katrov*
 Armchair in Hell—*Kane*
 Earthbound—*Reymond*
 A Light in the Window—*Rinehart*
 Send For Miss Cora—*Robertson*
 The Age of Reason—*Sartre*
 The Reprieve—*Sartre*
 Alexandra—*Schmitt*
 The City and the Pillar—*Vidal*



Lucid Intervals

Pat, an argumentative Irishman, was fired from his railroad shop job and to avoid discussion, the foreman gave him his discharge in a letter.

The next day Pat was missing, but five days later he was back to work. When the boss came through and saw him at work he tapped Pat on the shoulder. "Didn't you get my letter?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I did," said Pat.

"Well, didn't you read it?" asked the boss.

"I sure did that," answered Pat, "inside and out. On the inside ye said I was fired, and on the outside said 'Return to A.B.C.R.R. Shops in five days.' Boss, I've had a heck of a time doin' nothing for five days."

A movie theater in California has a wishing well in its lobby. Generally it's children and young couples who use the well, tossing in a penny and making a sentimental wish. Recently, a woman noticed an elderly man walk up to the well, drop in a penny and mutter: "I wish I hadn't seen that picture!"

The court waxed hot. "Sir," stormed the defense lawyer, "you have admitted you were seated on the right side of the passenger coach where you couldn't see an extra track. Will you please explain to this jury how you can swear the line was double-tracked?"

"Well," meekly answered the witness, "I could look across the aisle and through the coach windows. I saw a train whiz by occasionally, and took it that there was either a track under it or else this railroad had some mighty good railroaders."

The patient opened his eyes for the first time since he had gone under the ether. He looked up and saw the doctor standing over him.

"Was the operation a success?" he asked.

"Yes," beamed the doctor. "I didn't cut myself once."

A man got off the train after a cross-country trip, went to a hotel, and practically fell into his bed. The hotel was situated near a rail-

road yard and all night long freight engines shunted freight cars around—crashing and banging. Whistles and bells sounded nearly all night.

The man fought the noise until about 6 a. m., then reached for the phone and yelled for the clerk.

"For heaven's sake," he inquired, wearily, "what time does this hotel get to Chicago?"

Two ritzy ladies met on Main St. "Hello," said the first, "you look nice and tanned. Just get back from Florida?"

"Yes," answered the second, "and did we have a great time! For \$40 a day we stayed at the Roney Plasma."

"You mean Roney Plaza. Plasma is blood."

"Well," countered the first, "is \$40 a day barley water?"

An artist had just finished reading a story through, and was about to begin illustrating it for a magazine.

"I say," he said to his wife, "this story is supposed to have happened in 1937. Now what were dresses like ten years ago?"

"Like mine!" she retorted, throwing him a bitter glance.

"Waiter," said the indignant diner, "what does this mean? Yesterday, for the same price, I was served a portion of chicken twice the size of this."

"Yes, sir," answered the waiter. "Where did you sit, sir?"

"Over by the window."

"That accounts for it, sir. We always give people who sit by the window larger portions. It's a good advertisement."

Just as a small-town butcher was explaining the merits of a roast to a customer, a woman rushed in and interrupted him.

"Give me half a pound of cat meat—quick!" she ordered. Then she turned to the first customer and said: "I hope you won't mind my being served ahead of you."

"Oh, no," shrugged the first woman, "not if you're as hungry as all that."

New Pamphlet

A new pamphlet is being published this month by the Liguorian Pamphlet Office, entitled

How To Become A Catholic

by D. J. Corrigan, C.S.S.R.

It is concerned with the problems many non-Catholics face when they feel they would like to learn something about the Catholic religion.

It tells them how to approach a priest to ask for instructions in the Catholic religion.

It assures them that they may take instructions without committing themselves actually to become Catholics.

It describes what the instructions consist of, and how they are conducted.

It answers a score or more of objections to taking instructions that arise in the minds of non-Catholics even when they feel strongly inclined to learn more about the Catholic religion.

It provides a preliminary list of things Catholics do and do not believe, to allay some of the traditional fears of non-Catholics.

All who have frequent contact with non-Catholics should obtain copies of this pamphlet. Especially Catholics in mixed marriages, Catholics who work with non-Catholics, Catholics who tend pamphlet racks, Catholics in the St. Vincent de Paul Society and the Legion of Mary, may let it speak for them when others show interest in their faith. Non-Catholics who read this may, of course, order it directly.

Price: 10 cents each — discount for quantity orders.

The Liguorian Pamphlet Office, Liguori, Mo.

Please send me _____ copies of *How To Become A Catholic*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

*Postage prepaid if cash is sent with order
Please send stamps for small orders*

Motion Picture Guide

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE

Adventures of Don Coyote
Albuquerque
Along the Oregon Trail
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Bandits of Dark Canyon
Berlin Express
Bill and Co
Black Gold
Black Hills
Blondie's Anniversary
Blondie's Big Moment
Blondie in the Dough
Blondie's Reward
Bowery Buckaroos
The Boy Who Stopped Niagara
Bush Christmas
The Challenge
Check Your Guns
Cheyenne Takes Over
The Chinese Ring
Code of the Saddle
Code of the West
Dangerous Years
Enchanted Valley
Fiesta
Fighting Vigilantes
Flashing Guns
Fort Apache
Four Faces West
The Fugitive
Fun and Fancy Free
The Gay Ranchero
Goodbye Mister Chips
Good News
Great Expectations
Green Dolphin Street
Gun Talk
The Hawk of Powder River
Heartaches
Her Husband's Affairs
Hollywood Barn Dance
If You Knew Susie
The Inside Story
I Remember Mama
Jiggs and Maggie in Society
Joe Palooka in Fighting Mad
King of the Bandits
The Last Round-Up
The Little Ballerina
Madonna of the Desert
The Miracle of the Bells
My Girl Tia
My Wild Irish Rose
Nicholas Nickleby
Night Song
Oklahoma Badlands
On the Old Spanish Trail
Phantom Valley
Pioneer Justice
Pirates of Monterey
Prairie Express
Prince of Thieves
Relentless
Return of the Lash
The Return of Rin Tin Tin
The Return of the Whistler
Road to Rio
Robin Hood of Monterey
Robin Hood of Texas
Rocky
Romance of Rosy Ridge
Roosevelt Story, The
The Rose of Santa Rosa
Saddle Pals
The Search
Shadow Valley
Scudda-Hoo, Scudda-Hay

Six Gun Law
Slippery McGee
Smart Politics
Smoky River Serenade
Song of the Drifter
Speed to Spare
Spirit of West Point
Stage to Mesa
Swing the Western Way
The Swordsmen
Tale of the Navajos
Tarzan and the Mermaids
The Tawny Pippit
Tenth Avenue Angel
The Tender Years
They Passed This Way
13 Lead Soldiers
Thunder in the Valley
T-Men
The Tioga Kid
Tornado Range
Trail of the Mounties
Under Colorado Skies
Under the Tonto Rim
Western Heritage
Western Terror
West of Sonora
Westward Trail
Where the North Begins
Wild Frontier
Wild Horse Mesa
Wistful Widow of Wagon Gap
White Stallion
Wreck of the Hesperus
Wyoming
Yankee Fakir
You Were Meant for Me

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS

Adventure Island
Adventures of Casanova
Alias A Gentleman
An Ideal Husband
Another Part of the Forest
April Showers
Arthur Takes Over
Beauty and The Beast
B. F.'s Daughter
The Big Clock
The Big Fix
Big Town After Dark
The Bishop's Wife
Black Bart
Blackmail
Black Narcissus
Blonde Savage
Body and Soul
The Bride Goes Wild
Caged Fury
Captain Boycott
Captain from Castile
Caravan
Cass Timberlane
Cavalleria Rusticana
The Crimson Keys
Dark Passage
Dear Murderer
Dear Ruth
Desire Me
Desperate
Dick Tracy Meets Gruesome
Fabulous Texan
The Foxes of Harrow
Gashouse Kids in Hollywood
Half Past Midnight
Hatbox Mystery
Heading for Heaven
Heaven Only Knows
To Live in Peace
The High Wall
Homecoming
Holiday Camp
Hungry Hill
The Hunted
I Love Trouble
Intrigue
I Walk Alone
Joe Palooka in the Knockout
Key Witness
Killer McCoy
Kiss of Death
Lady Surrenders, A
The Lost One
Let's Live Again
Lone Wolf in London
Long Night
Lost Moment
Love From a Stranger
Lured
Mary Lou
Mating of Millie
Merton of the Movies
Meet Me At Dawn
Mr. Reckless
Miracle in Harlem
Mrs. Blandings Builds Her
Dream House
Moss Rose
Mourning Becomes Electra
Murder in Reverse
The Naked City
News Hounds
Ninotchka
Northwest Outpost
October Man
Open Secret
Panhandle
Paradise Case
The Pearl
Philo Vance Returns
Piccadilly Incident
The Pirate
Possessed
Railroaded
Ride the Pink Horse
Road to the Big House
Roses Are Red
Saigon
Second Chance
Secret Beyond the Door
Sepia Cinderella
Shop Girls of Paris
Sitting Pretty
Slave Girl
Sleep My Love
The Smugglers
Song of the Thin Man
So This Is New York
Spaete Liebe (German)
Springtime
State of the Union
Summer Holiday
Take My Life
That Hagen Girl
The Senator Was Indiscreet
This Time for Keeps
To the Ends of the Earth
Trespasser
The Treasure of Sierra Madre
Tycoon
Unconquered
Voice of the Turtle
Where There's Life
Whispering City
Winter Meeting
Woman from Tangier
A Woman's Vengeance

